

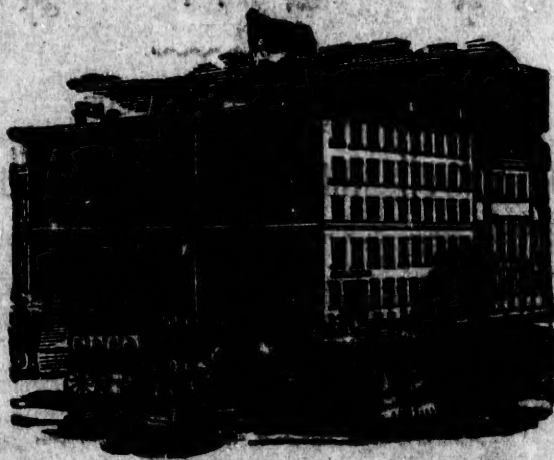
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TO THE
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AND ENVIRONS

WITH TWO NEW MAPS OF THE CITY AND DISTRICT

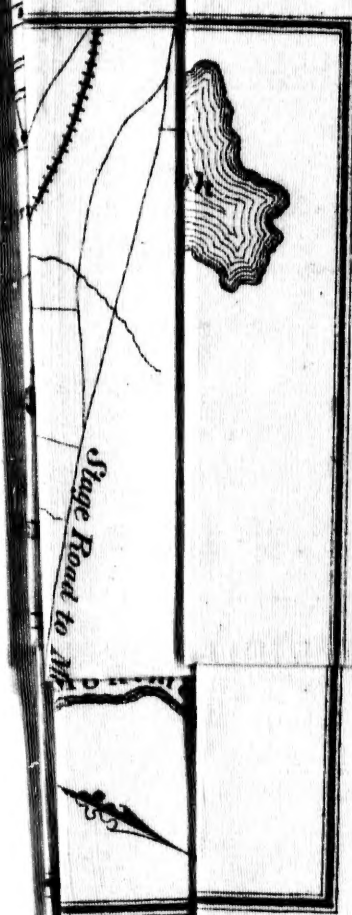
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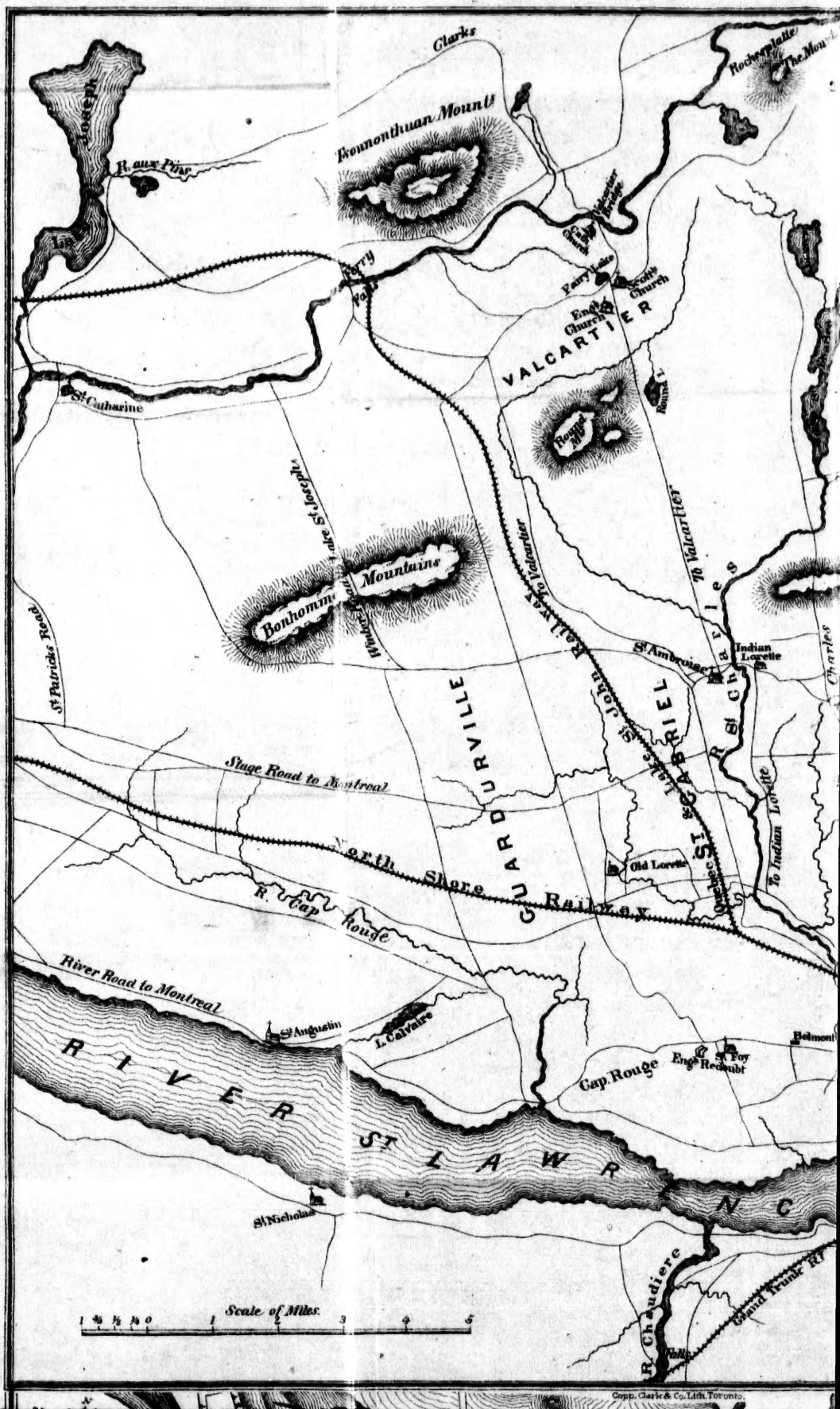
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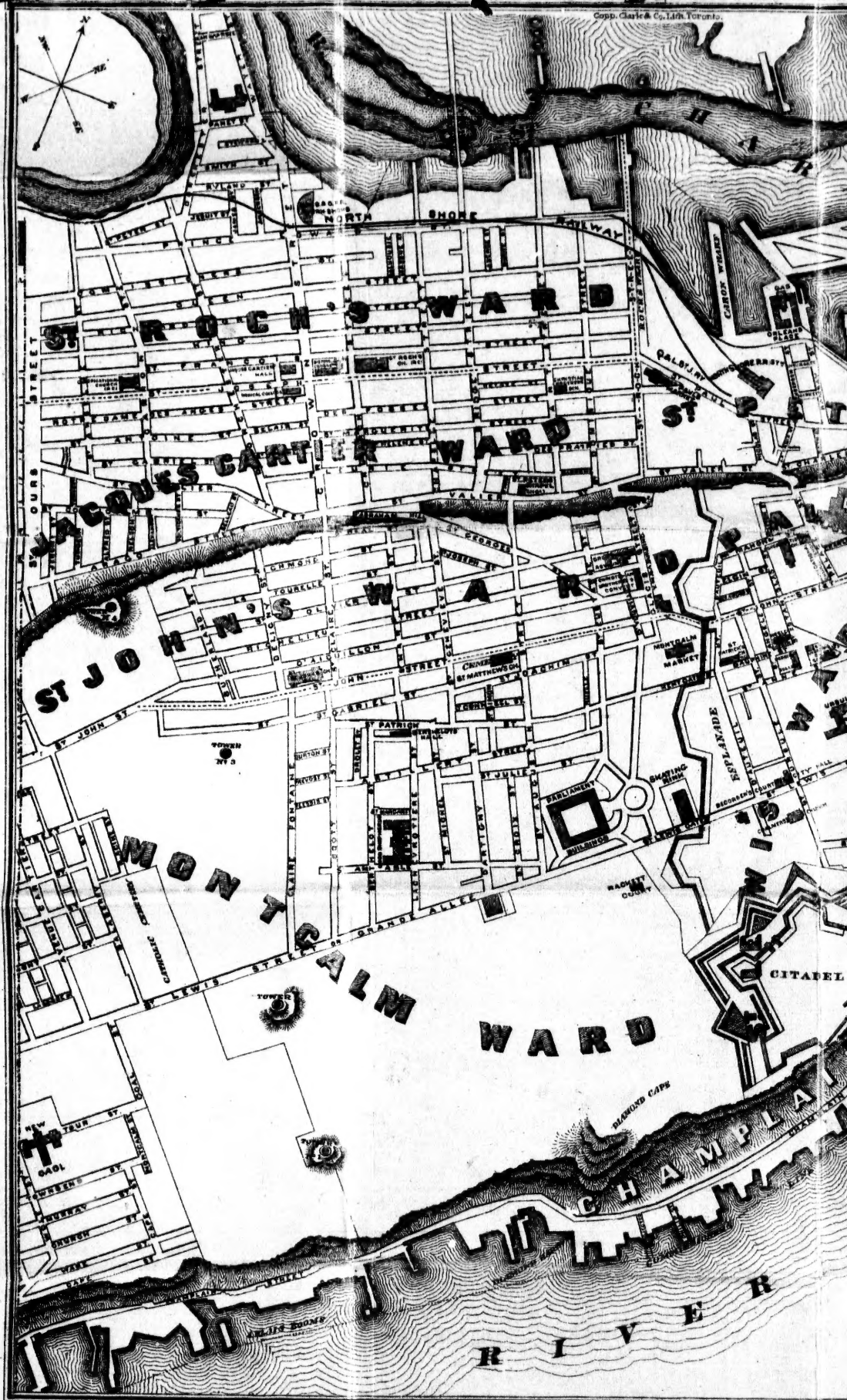
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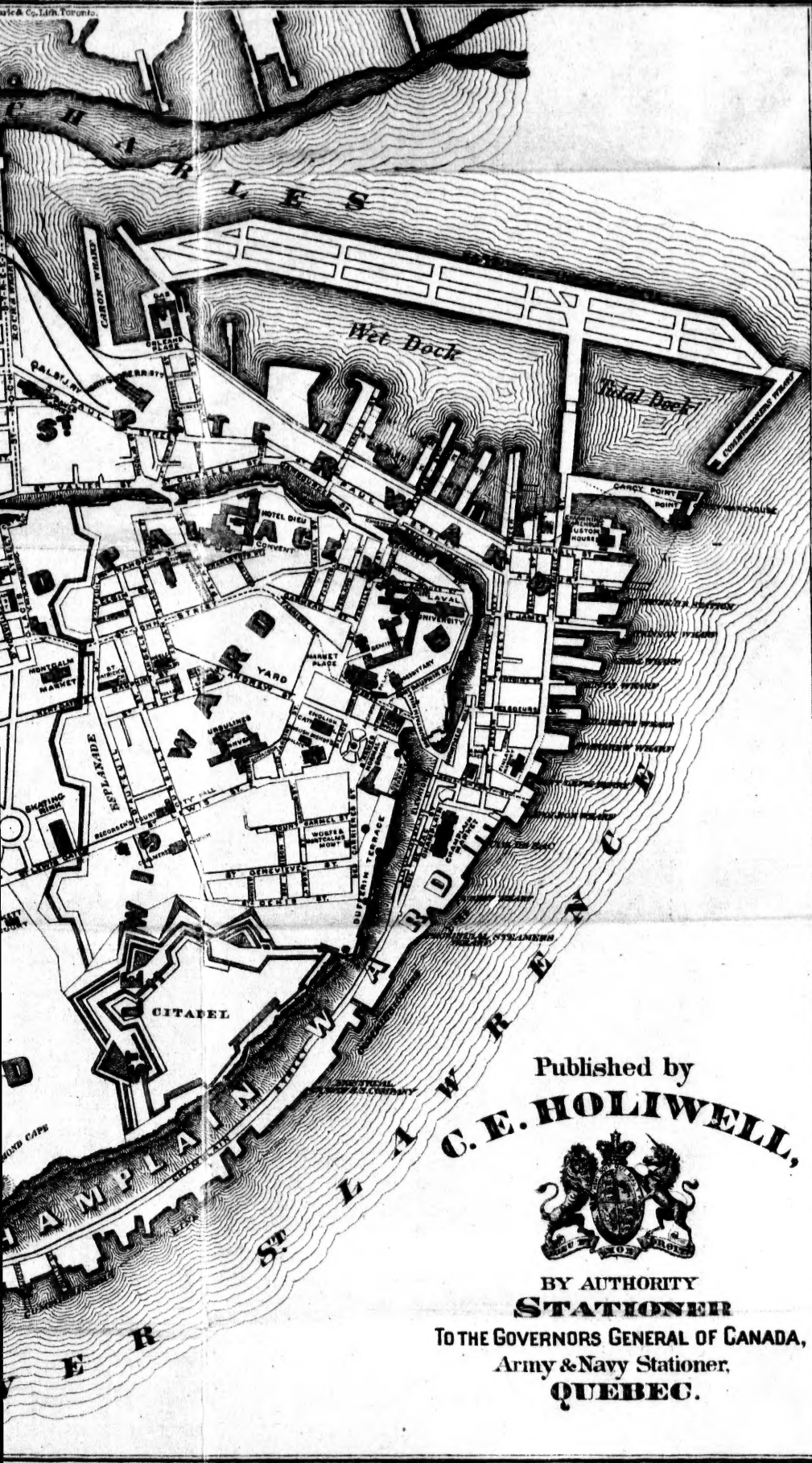


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GUIDE
TO THE
CITY OF QUEBEC
AND
ENVIRONS
WITH
MAPS OF THE CITY AND DISTRICT.

By THOS. J. OLIVER.

5th EDITION.

PUBLISHED BY
C. E. HOLIWELL, Stationer,
Opposite Post Office, Quebec.

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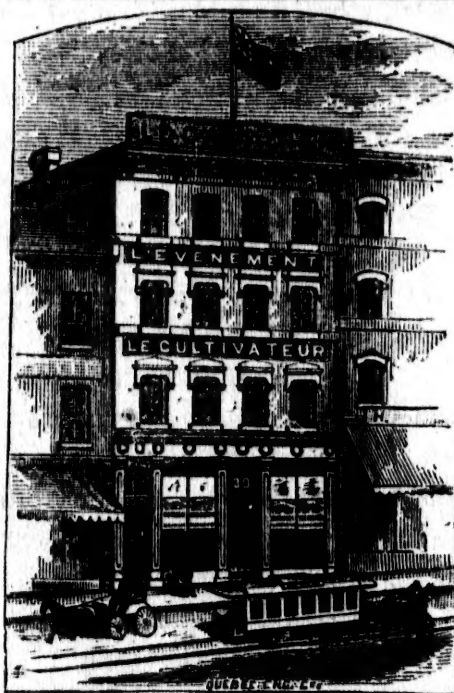
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HISTORY

In 1534, Canada was discovered by Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, in France. The name is derived from "kanata," an Indian word signifying "a collection of huts." In 1535, Jacques Cartier made a second voyage and became friendly with Donnacona, the chief of Stadacona, where Quebec now stands. Stadacona is Algonquin, and Tiontirili is Huron, both meaning "the narrowing of the river." The St. Lawrence is less than a mile wide opposite the city. Jacques Cartier wintered on the river St. Charles called by him St. Croix. His head quarters were at the mouth of the little stream "Lairer," near the present residence of Mr. Park, Ringfield, running into the St. Charles, near which, even at this day, can be seen the remains of the fortifications then erected by him. In 1541, Jacques Cartier made a third voyage, and built a fort at Cap Rouge, the remains of which may yet be seen, and also visited Hochelaga, now Montreal. In 1608, Champlain arrived at Stadacona, and landing his followers founded the

city of Quebec. No satisfactory explanation can be given of the meaning of the word. The city has been besieged five different times. In 1629, Champlain was obliged to deliver up the city, himself and followers to Sir David Kerkt ; but, by the treaty of St. Germain-en Laye, Canada was restored to France, and Champlain returned as the governor of the colony. In October, 1690, Sir William Phipps appeared before the city and demanded its surrender, which the proud Count de Frontenac haughtily refused. After a harmless bombardment the English fleet retired. In 1711, another English fleet under Sir Heveden Walker sailed for Quebec, but was almost wholly destroyed by a storm in the gulf of St. Lawrence. For the last two deliverances the little church in the Lower Town was named Notre Dame des Victoires.

On the 26th June, 1769, Admiral Saunders anchored his fleet and transports, with General Wolfe and the English army on board, off the Island of Orleans, then called Isle de Bacchus. The troops landed on the Island on the following day, near the church of St. Laurent and marched up to the west end, from which they had a view of Quebec, while the French army, under the Marquis de Montcalm, consisting of about 13,000 men, was encamped on the opposite shore of Beauport. General Monckton with four battalions occupied the heights of Levis, from which place he bombarded the city and

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laid it in ruins. General Wolfe then crossed to the mainland to the east of the River Montmorency, and on 31st July attacked the French, and was defeated with the loss of 182 killed, 650 wounded and 15 missing. After some delay, caused by the illness of General Wolfe, the English fleet sailed up past the city, and, on the morning of the 13th September, Wolfe landed his troops at a place below Sillery now called Wolfe's Cove, and scaled the heights dislodging a French guard at the top of the hill, and forming line of battle on the Plains of Abraham, opposite the city, much to the astonishment of Montcalm, who had been encamped at Beauport since the defeat of the British on the 31st July, daily expecting another attack. He hastened from there with his army by the bridge of boats across the mouth of the River St. Charles, and at ten o'clock both armies were engaged in conflict, which in a short time ended in the defeat of Montcalm, who was wounded and carried into the city. Wolfe died on the field victorious, and the spot is now marked by a monument erected to his memory. Montcalm, it is supposed, died and was buried in the Ursuline Convent. The French army retreated towards Beauport and afterwards to Cap Rouge, and on the 18th September, the city of Quebec was surrendered to the English, and General Murray remained as governor, with a garrison force of 6,000 men. The fleet, with Wolfe's body on board, sailed for England in October.

On the 28th April, in the following year, the French army of about ten thousand men, under De Levis, appeared on the Plains of Abraham and was met by the English, under General Murray, whose force consisted of about three thousand men, sickness and death having thus greatly reduced their numbers. The English were obliged to retire behind the fortifications of the city, but on the 15th May, an English fleet, under Commodore Saunders, arrived with men and reinforcements, when the French Army retreated and Canada became an English colony.

In 1775, Quebec was again threatened. General Arnold, with a small army of Americans, arrived on the heights of Levis by the Chaudière valley, and on the 14th November landed his forces at Wolfe's Cove, from which they occupied St. Foy and St. Roch. General Montgomery arrived on the 1st December and took command. The garrison of Quebec, under Col. Maclean, consisted of about eighteen hundred men. The governor, Guy Carleton, under the guidance of Mr. Bouchette, the father of the late Joseph Bouchette, in his lifetime Deputy Surveyor General of the Province of Quebec, hastened down from Montreal to do his utmost to place the city in safety. Arnold occupied a house on the south side of the St. Charles river, to the east of Scott's bridge, while Montgomery established himself in Holland House, on the St. Foy road. The American troops were quartered

in the suburbs of the city and even in the Intendant's Palace, at the foot of Palace Hill, which was soon reduced to ruins by the fire from the city.

On the 31st December, Montgomery advanced with seven hundred men along Champlain street, and came upon a barrier at which was a guard. At the approach of the Americans a cannon was fired with deadly effect, killing Montgomery, his two aides and others, causing the immediate dispersion of the enemy, Arnold at the same time advanced from St. Roch, along St. Charles street, expecting to meet Montgomery at the foot of Mountain Hill, and make a combined assault. Arnold occupied the houses on Sault-au-Matelot street, but was ejected from there by a volunteer officer Mons. Dambourgès. Arnold was wounded and taken to the General Hospital. The American loss in killed and wounded was about a hundred; four hundred and twenty-six rank and file surrendered, and were placed under guard in the Seminary. The remainder continued to occupy St. Roch till the 6th May, when reinforcements arrived from England and the siege was raised. Montgomery's body was taken to a house on St. Louis street, now an Indian curiosity shop and having an inscription painted thereon, commemorating the incident, and afterwards buried at the foot of the Citadel Hill, from which it was subsequently taken and buried in New-York.

In 1837, Quebec was in state of excitement, caused by the rebellion of that year. The militia were called out and the city placed under military rule, but nothing of consequence occurred. One night, however, was heard a loud ringing of bells, and it was said that the rebels had risen and would sack the place. The cause of all this alarm was, nevertheless, very simple, — the singeing of a pig in the Hotel Dieu Nunnery yard. In the following year, Messrs. Teller and Dodge, two American rebel sympathizers, who were imprisoned with three others in the Citadel, very cleverly effected their escape. Four of them let themselves down from the flagstaff bastion, and Teller and Dodge succeeded in passing through the city gates and afterwards reached the United States.

In 1832 and 1834, Quebec was visited by that dreadful scourge, Asiatic cholera. In the latter year, the Castle St. Louis was destroyed by fire. On the 28th of May, 1845, the whole of St. Roch was also burnt down, and on the 28th June in the same year nearly the greater part of the St. John and St. Louis suburbs suffered a similar fate. By these two fires over \$2,000,000 worth of property was destroyed, towards covering which \$400,000 were subscribed in Canada, England and the United States, and \$500,000 were received from insurance. St. Roch, St. Sauveur and Champlain wards have at several times been almost wholly swept by conflagrations. In 1881,

the greater part of the Montcalm and St. John's wards was destroyed by fire, including the St. John's church and presbytery.

In 1846, in the month of June, the theatre, formerly the Riding School attached to the Castle of St. Louis, on what is now called the Durham Terrace, was destroyed by fire during a performance, when the building was crowded, and forty-five persons lost their lives.

Quebec has often been the prey of extensive conflagrations. In 1853, the Parliament Houses were burnt down, when a large library and museum were lost. The sittings of the House were then transferred to the church of the Grey Sisters near Gallow's Hill, which had not then been consecrated. It, however, also fell a prey to the devouring element, and the sittings were afterwards held in the Music Hall in St. Louis street. The Parliament House was afterwards rebuilt in rather a flimsy manner, but was again destroyed by fire in 1882, and the sittings are now held in the uncompleted wing of the new structure, on the Grande Allée, which, it is expected, will be completed in about three years.

Since the year 1867, the date of Confederation, Quebec has been the seat of government of the province of Quebec and the residence of the lieutenant-governor, whose beautiful place, Spencer Wood, on the St. Louis road, is well worth a visit from the stranger.

THE CITY.

The Terrace.

STANDING on the Terrace, the eastern part of which is called the Durham and the western the Dufferin Terrace, the beholder is presented with a view which equals any in other parts of the world. The promenade is about a quarter of a mile in length and gives to the lover of exercise unrivalled opportunities of indulging therein. At the north end of the Terrace is an elevator, connecting it with the Lower Town. Thither flock in the evening the beauty and fashion of the old capital and few are the cities which can vie with Quebec in the beauty of their women. Erected on it are five kiosks, named respectively Plessis, Frontenac, Lorne and Louise, Dufferin, and Victoria, and also one for the use of bands of music in the summer afternoons and evenings. Being at an elevation of over two hundred feet, a magnificent panorama stretches beneath one, which at the first *coup d'œil* is almost bewildering. The River St. Lawrence, bearing on its bosom hundreds of vessels of every description, from the tiny canoe, which from such a height appears but a spec, to the terraced palace river boat and the

huge ocean steamship, flows majestically downward to the sea. Opposite, in the distance, is the town of Levis, crowning cliffs higher even than those of Quebec, and where may be seen the three immense forts erected by the English government at a cost of \$900,000, which render an attack from the south an impracticable if not an impossible attempt. Amid the groups of houses are distinguishable churches, convents and schools, while downwards is seen the spire of the church of St. Joseph, clustered round by a number of villas and cottages, and jutting out into the river, the promontory called Indian Point, once dotted by the wigwams of the Mic-Macs, but now inhabited by French Canadians. Towards the east is the Island of Orleans, once called the Isle de Bacchus, from the quantity of grapes then so luxurious of growth, but now no more, and again l'Isle des Sorcières, on account of the bad repute it had gained in reference to evil spirits and ghosts, which, it is said, infested the island in times past. On either side, the St. Lawrence passes onward under the name of the North and the South Channels. On the north shore, forty miles in the distance, frowns Cap Tourment; while, as the eye follows upwards, along the shore are the villages of St. Anne, *La bonne Ste. Anne*, as lovingly called by the villagers, Chateau Richer, L'Ange Gardien and Beauport. Nearly opposite the end of the Island is the indentation, where rush forever the Falls of

Montmoréncy over the precipice, and from which rises a pillar of fleecy mist. In the rear of all these tower, range after range, the Laurentian Mountains, till their blue summits are lost in the azure of the sky. Beneath lies the Lower Town with its busy crowds. At the mouth of the St. Charles is the Custom House, and immediately below the Terrace is the Champlain Market Hall, an edifice the result of a political job, whereby a noble Parliament House was spoiled to give place to a useless Hall. Close by it is the church of Notre-Dames des Victoires, built in 1615 by Champlain, called first Notre-Dame de la Victoire to record the defeat of Admiral William Phipps in that year ; its present name commemorates also the loss of the English fleet under Sir Hevenden Walker in 1711. At the foot of the cliff runs Champlain street, through which, on the 31st December, 1775, Richard Montgomery endeavored to lead an attack on the city, but met his death at a place close by, now marked by a wooden sign with the inscription ; " Here Montgomery fell." Beneath the steps leading from Champlain street to Mountain Hill, called Break-neck Stairs, was discovered some years ago the tomb of Champlain. His house was in the vicinity of the church of Notre-Dame des Victoires. Prescott Gate, called after General Prescott, and demolished in 1871, stood at the spot where the city walls are divided, close to the foot of the steps.

Opposite once stood the Bishop's Palace, and where the first cemetery was established, from which in late years have been taken bones and articles of Indian workmanship. Two years ago the Parliament Buildings were burnt, and with them a large collection of valuable works. So soon as the Legislative Buildings on the Grande Allée shall be completed the sessions of the local parliament will be held in them.

Castle of St. Louis.

Turning our eyes citywards, we find a large building heretofore forming the outhouses of the Chateau St. Louis, which was erected by Champlain in 1620, where the Terrace now is, on the edge of the cliff. It was intended to build a large hotel on this site, but the prospect of carrying out such a scheme is far off. Here the French and English governors resided under their respective dominations, until its destruction by fire in 1834, at that time occupied by the governor, Lord Aylmer. On the 31st Dec., 1775, on the occasion of the night attack by Montgomery and Arnold, the governor, Sir Guy Carleton, was giving a ball in the Castle, and the officers had to rush to the walls in their ball costume. The garden attached to the Castle, called the Castle Garden, commonly known as

the Lower Governor's Garden, is now open to the public and forms part of the Dufferin Terrace; in it is a masked battery of four guns and two carronades on the Crescent Battery beneath the Terrace. On the slope towards the Place d'Armes, once stood the Riding School in connection with the Castle, and afterwards converted into a theatre, and destroyed by fire in June, 1846, during a performance, when forty five persons were burnt to death.

The English Cathedral.

To the west of the Place d'Armes is the English Cathedral, built on the ground, where once stood the ancient church of the Recollets and their convent, which were destroyed by fire in 1796. The present building was consecrated in 1804; it is built in the Roman style of architecture, and its mural monuments are very fine. In the north-east corner of the Cathedral close once stood the venerable elm tree, under which Jacques Cartier first assembled his followers on their arrival in the colony, and there are now some magnificent linden trees ornamenting the enclosure. The elm was blown down on the 6th September, 1845.

The Wolfe and Montcalm Monument.

In the Upper Governor's Garden is the monument erected to Wolfe and Montcalm, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Earl of Dalhousie, the governor-in-chief, on the 15th May, 1827. It was taken down and rebuilt in 1871 at the expence of a few citizens. The following are the inscriptions :

Mortem, virtus communem,
Famam Historia,
Monumentum Posteritas
Dedit.

Hujusce
Monumenti in memoriam virorum illustrium,
WOLFE et MONTCALM.
Fundamentum P. C.
Georgius, Comes de Dalhousie :
In septentrionalis Americæ partibus
Summam rerum administrans ;
Opus per multos annos prætermissum
Quid duci egregio convenientius ?
Auctoritate promovens, exemplo stimulans
Munificentia fovens,
Die Novembrie XV,
A. D. MDCCCXXVII.
George IV, Britanniarum Rege.

In passing the gate of the building heretofore occupied as the Normal Schol, the stranger may notice a stone which has been incorporated in to the wall, bearing the date 1647, and having a Maltese cross cut upon it. It was the foun-

dation stone of the ancient castle of St. Louis and laid by the governor, M. de Montmagny, a Knight of Malta.

The Place d'Armes.

The ring, or Place d'Armes, where the Hurons, who had been driven from Lake Simcoe, encamped in 1650, constituted in the time of the French the *Grande Place*, where military parades were held and public meetings called, and was the fashionable promenade of the day.

The Union Building.

To the north of the Place d'Armes is the Union Building, where, in the year 1808, and for some time afterwards, the famous Club of Barons, comprising the principal men of the province and city were wont to hold their annual dinners. It was subsequently used as an hotel, then a printing office.

To the south of the Cathedral are the Rectory and the Chapel of All Souls, in rear of which once stood the old Court House, destroyed by fire in 1873, and with it the records and law proceedings of over two centuries. It is now being rebuilt on a more extensive scale.

La Maison du Chien d'Or.

Passing to the north by Fort street, we come to a handsome building, the Post Office, erected in 1873, on the site of an old building, which has a world of history connected with it. The famous Golden Dog, a puzzle to so many, occupies its old position above the door on Buade street, just opposite the Chien d'Or restaurant, as much resorted to in these days as was the site of the Post Office, when Admiral Nelson and Montgomery frequented it. Underneath the Golden dog are the lines.

Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant je prends mon repos,
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu,
Que je mordray qui m'a eu a mordu.

In demolishing the ancient structure, a corner stone was found, on which was cut a St. Andrew's cross between the letters P. H., under the date 1735. On this was found a piece of lead bearing the following inscription :

NICOLAS JACQUES,
dit Philiber
m'a posé le 26 Août,
1834.

The story in connection therewith is told as follows :— In this building lived a wealthy merchant of the name of Philibert, who had many causes of complaint against the Intendant,

whose high position could not easily be assailed by the simple merchant without suffering severe retaliation; he therefore satisfied his revenge by placing the Golden Dog, with the attendant lines, above his door. Among other things the Intendant had organized a vast trade monopoly, which received the name of La Friponne, whose transactions and dealings were most oppressive to the people, and in this he was resisted and sometimes circumvented by Mr. Philibert. It is also said that to annoy Mr. Philibert, the Intendant, the infamous Bigot, quartered troops upon the Chien d'Or. Be this as it may, a quarrel ensued between Mr. Philibert and Mons. de la Repentigny, boon companion of Bigot, in which the former was fatally wounded and the latter fled to Nova Scotia, then Acadia, till he received his freedom from the king of France, Louis XIV, whereon he returned to Quebec. After the siege of 1759, he went to Pondicherrey, where, meeting the son of his victim, he was killed by him in a duel. There are several versions of this tradition, but the above seems to be the most correct.

A less tragic occurrence took place a few years later in the Chien d'Or building. Miles Prentice, who had come out as a sergeant in the 78th Regiment, under Wolfe, opened an inn in the building, then known as the Masonic Hall to which inn resorted all the fashionables of the day, among whom was, in 1782, Captain, after-

wards Admiral Nelson, then commanding H. M. S. "Albemarle," of 26 guns. Miles Prentice had a niece, Miss Simpson, daughter of Sandy Simpson, whose charms so captivated the embryo Admiral, that, when his vessel had sailed from port, he clandestinely returned for the purpose of wedding "The maid of the inn," which purpose was defeated by Mr. Alexander Davidson, then a Quebec merchant, who, with the assistance of the boat's crew, forcibly carried the amorous captain on board his vessel. This timely interference gained for England many a glorious naval victory, and lost for Lady Hamilton her good name. It was Mrs. Prentice who recognized the body of Richard Montgomery after the ineffectual attempt of December 1st, 1775. A horrible suicide is another of the incidents of the Chien d'Or.

Passing along Buade street, we come to the building now occupied as a printing office by the Messrs. Brousseau, the scene of the thrilling events of 1690, recorded in the historical romance of *François de Bienville*, by Mr. Marmette.

The Market Square.

In the centre of the Square once stood the Market Hall, a very old world looking structure of many corners and angles. Across to the west,

is a vacant space, the site of the Jesuit Barracks, formerly the College of Jesuits, the foundations of which were laid in 1635. The building was destroyed by fire in 1640, and again rebuilt. It occupied the four sides of a square, and revelled in immense corridors and gloomy passages, while impregnable vaults and cells abounded in the ground basement. They were taken possession of by the English as barracks, and continued to be used as such till the withdrawal of the Imperial troops; a short time after which they were razed to the ground by order of the Dominion Government. This is the end of one of the most noted of Quebec's ancient structures.

To the south of the Square is the restaurant of Mr. Grondin, which was the first inn in Quebec, kept in 1648 by one Jacques Boisdon, then having the sign "Au Baril d'Or," with the added words, "J'en bois donc." Jacques Boisdon had the right by deed, signed by M. D'Ailleboust, Père Lalement, and the Sieurs Chavigny, Godfroi and Giffard, to serve his guests, provided it was not during mass, the sermon, catechism, or vespers.

To the north of the Square are the stores of Messrs. Fisher & Blouin, saddlers, where, in 1810, resided General Brock, the hero of Queens-town Heights.

The Basilica.

The French Cathedral raised to the rank of Basilica Minor in 1874, was consecrated in 1666, by Monseigneur de Laval, who arrived from France in 1659, on the 6th June, under the title of Bishop of Petrea. He was the first Bishop of the colony, but on account of failing health was obliged to retire from his arduous labors, and was succeeded by Monseigneur de St. Valier. The construction of the church in rear of the altar rails is a copy of St. Peter's at Rome. In the church are several valuable paintings.

The Conception, after Lebrun by an unknown artist.

St. Paul, by Carlo Maratti.

Christ, attended by Angels, by Ristout.

The flight of Mary and Joseph, by T. Hamel.

Christ by Van Dyck.

Nativity of Christ, Copy of Guido.

Christ Submitting to the Soldiers, by Fleuret.

Pentecost, by Vignon.

The Holy family, by Jacques Blanchard.

The Annunciation, by Jean Ristout.

St. Ann and the Tomb of the Saviour, by Piamondon.

Birth of Christ, by Annibal Carrache.

Altar, Miracle of St. Ann, by A. Piamondon.

The sacred vestments may be seen on application to the vergers. They are the finest in America. The building was greatly injured by the siege of 1759, and some paintings utterly destroyed.

The Seminary and Chapel.

To the north is the Seminary Chapel, in which are several productions of the most celebrated masters :

Jesus and the Woman of Samaria...	Lagrenée.
The Virgin Attended by Angels...	De Dieu.
The Crucifixion.....	Moint.
The Desert of Thebais.....	Gaillot.
Terror of St. Jérôme.....	Copy by A. Plamondon.
The Ascension.....	Ph. Champagne.
The Sepulchre.....	Hê tin.
The Flight into Egypt.....	Vauclos.
Two Angels.....	Ch. Lebrun.
Ecstasy of St. Antoine de Padua...	Jos. Raoul d'Avignon.
Pentecost.....	Ph. Champagne.
St. Peter Delivered from Prison...	Ch. de la Fosse.
Baptism of the Saviour.....	Claude Guy Hallé.
St. Jérôme Writing.....	J. B. Champagne.
Adoration of the Magi, (Signed)...	Bossieu.
St. John the Baptist.	
St. Charles Borromée.	

Passing through the gate, the visitor finds himself on the Seminary Square, on three sides of which is the Seminary, which was founded in 1663 by Monseigneur de Laval. The building was destroyed by fire on the 15th November, 1701, and was rebuilt and again destroyed on the 1st October, 1705, when it was again rebuilt but almost entirely demolished during the siege of 1759, The College is divided into the Grand Seminary, a school of divinity having seven professors and about thirty-four students, and the Petite Seminary, for general education,

having about six hundred pupils, instructed by over forty professors. Passing through the interminable corridors, the lower one of which is partly under ground and lighted by barred windows, one becomes bewildered and might lose himself in the endless turnings and descents. One may easily imagine himself in the dim periods of the Middle Ages, an illusion rendered more vivid by the sombre figures of robed priests pacing up and down the vast galleries.

Within the last three years or so a very large addition has been made to the buildings, which was very much needed to accommodate the great number of pupils attending the Seminary. They with those of the Laval University occupy a large extent of ground in one of the finest portions of the city.

The Laval University

may be reached by a passage from the Seminary, or by the front entrance. The boarding-house is separated from the principal building, as is also the School of Medecine. The structure was erected in 1857, first founded by Monseigneur de Laval, and is under the protection of His Eminence Cardinal Alexandre Franchi. The visitor is His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, and the rector. There are four chairs:—Theo.

logy, Law, Medicine and Art, there being thirty four professors and nearly three hundred students. Seven colleges and seminaries are affiliated with the University. There are several large halls, containing the Museums of Geology, Natural History, Arts and Sciences. The Picture Gallery is yearly receiving large additions, while the library is the largest in Canada and is rich in valuable MSS, relating to the early history of the country. From the promenade on the roof a magnificent view of the valley of the St. Charles and down the St. Lawrence can be had. This University is every day becoming more popular, not only with the French Canadians, but throughout the Dominion and the United States. It is said the Faculties of Law and Medecine will be discontinued after this year on account of want of funds.

The remains of Monseigneur de Laval, which had been interred after his death, 6th May, 1708, in the Basilica, and afterwards exhumed and reinterred in the same place by Mgr. Pontbriand, were discovered during some excavations in the Basilica in 1877, and were reinterred with great ceremony and pomp on the 23rd May 1878, a procession bearing the remains and visiting the four churches, which it is said were called at by the first funeral cortege; the Seminary Chapel, the Ursuline Chapel, the Congregational Chapel, and the St. Patrick's Church in *lieu* of the Recollet Church, no longer in

existence. On this occasion, 100 guns were fired at intervals of one minute and a half, from the Jesuit Barracks' yard, by the Volunteer Field Battery.

The Battery

Leaving the University by the eastern entrance the visitor finds himself on the Battery. The following are the names of the different batteries, extending from the site of the Parliament Buildings to Palace gate; The Assembly Battery, 9 guns; the Grand Battery, 17 guns; the St. Charles Battery, 2 guns and 3 bombs; Half Moon Battery, 1 gun; Hope Gate Battery, 4 guns; Montcalm Battery, 4 guns; Nunnery Battery, No. 2, 4 guns and 2 howitzers! Nunnery Battery, No. 1, 2 guns and 2 howitzers. In addition to these there are, in the Lower Governor's Garden and beneath the Dufferin Terrace, Wolfe's Battery of 4 guns and 1 Pallisser cannon, and two minor batteries with 4 guns.

Hope Gate, like the others, has been demolished, and a promenade occupies the site of the former block house. At a short distance to the west of this promenade is the former residence of Montcalm, now converted into ordinary dwellinghouses.

Proceeding along by the Battery road, the

view of the St. Charles valley and the Laurentides is enchanting, and the suburbs of St. Roch stretch by the banks of the meandering St. Charles till they merge into green fields and happy-looking farms. The next gate is Palace Gate, demolished beyond recognition. Its guard house is now no more, and the barracks, which once stood on the opposite side of the street, were one Christmas night destroyed by fire, the result of the freedom allowed to the men by the colonel. The consumption of liquors generated carelessness, which ended in a mass of ruins on the following morning.

Outside the gate, at the foot of the hill, in rear of Boswell's Brewery, is all that remains of the Intendant's Palace, once the abode of luxury, the scene of revelry and debauchery, a building which outshone in splendor and magnificence the Castle of St. Louis, and whose lords considered themselves the equals, if not the superiors, of the governors. Here the infamous Bigot concocted the nefarious plottings of the Friponne ; here he squandered the thousands which he robbed from the Public Treasury, and pilfered from the downtrodden inhabitants of New France. His princely mansion now serves but as vaults for casks and puncheons of ale and porter.

In close proximity to the Artillery Barracks are what were once the officers' quarters, delightfully situated in a shaded park, rejoicing in a

shubbery, wild and luxurious, forming the *beau ideal* of cool retreats, amidst piles of brick and mortar. It is now occupied as a military laboratory for the manufacture of ammunition for the Canadian Government.

St. John Gate.

This is but a modern structure, which might as well have been left unbuilt. The old gate was found to be such an obstruction to general traffic and travel that it had to be demolished, there being through it, but one passage, which was so narrow that only a single vehicle at a time could pass, and foot passengers could get through with difficulty. The present gate had to be built, for the English Government insisted upon the old one being replaced in case of war. It has no advantage and is a very great drawback, as the upper part is not impervious to water, which continuously falls upon those passing under it. Opposite the gate, within, is one of the old buildings, but it has outlived its story, and research has not unravelled it. It is occupied by Mr. Johnston, a baker. Two other old buildings are still to be seen in St. John street, one occupied by Post Master Tourangeau and the other by Mr. Alford.

The Esplanade.

On D'Auteuil Hill, where a street has been cut through the city walls, is the Kent Gate, the foundation stone of which was laid by H. R. H. the Princess Louise in June 1879. It is a very handsome erection, built in the Norman style with a turret, from which can be had a magnificent view of the valley of the St. Charles and river St. Lawrence. Near by is the church of the Congregation. In this church were committed a daring robbery and sacrilege; the altar ornaments being stolen by a man named Chambers and his gang, who, at the time, over forty years ago, inaugurated a reign of terror by their astounding and many robberies. Of this last crime, however, he and his gang were found guilty and were transported. Opposite is the Esplanade, which runs as far as St. Louis street, and is bounded to the west by the city walls. From their summit one can trace the old French fortifications, which defended the city in its early history; but these are fast disappearing; road-makers and house-builders are using up the material, and there is no one to say nay to the vandals. Before the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, the Esplanade was strictly guarded; sentinels patrolled the ramparts, and no thoroughfare was allowed after gun fire. But it is now the resort of the athletic clubs in the city; lacrosse, foot ball, base-ball, cricket and

other games are played there continually during the summer, and snowshoeing and tobagganing are the amusements of winter. The Band of A Battery, at times delighted the promenaders with their evening concerts till they were transferred to the Terrace and here also the military of the Citadel and the volunteers perform their evolutions. There are still some remnants of past glory. A few dismounted cannon may be found on the ramparts, while a dozen more lie side by side on the ground beneath these, and the sentinel poplars still keep their watch as of yore.

The Garrison Club.

The building next the foot of Citadel Hill, of one story, was formerly occupied by the Royal Engineers, and is now used by the Quebec Garrison Club, composed of officers of A Battery and citizens.

Richard Montgomery.

Close at hand, on the Grande Allée, is where once stood St. Louis Gate, now replaced by Dufferin Gate, in honor of the popular governor general of Canada of that name. It is like the Kent Gate built in the old Norman style, with a tower and turret. Near the foot of the Citadel

Hill, which winds up on the south side, is where Richard Montgomery was buried, after the attempt on 31st Dec., 1775, from which place, on 16th June, 1818, his body was taken to New-York, and interred, in St Paul's Church Cemetery.

The Citadel.

At the top of the Hill is the Chain Gate, by which access to the trenches is gained ; and to the Citadel the visitor passes through Dalhousie Gate, ealled so after Lord Dalhousie, once a governor of the colony. At this gate a guard is stationed, and visitors are furnished with a guide to show them over the fortress. Behind the walls are casemated barracks for the troops, and these are loopholed for musketry, so as to command the trenches, while on the summits are cannon, commanding all approaches to the city landward, and on the opposite side are batteries commanding the harbor. Two Armstrong guns are here mounted, as also a huge Palliser. Across the Citadel Square are the officers' quarters ; stores for ammunition, stables and other buildings occupy the western portion of the Square. To the south, directly overlooking the river, is the Flagstaff Bastion, on which is mounted an Armstrong gun. This battery is

over three hundred and fifty feet above low water and the view from it is the grandest in world, commanding the river up and down for many miles. To the west are the Plains of Abraham, where was fought the decisive battle of 13th September, 1759. Three Martello Towers, built in 1812, are to be seen, constructed weak towards the city, so as easily to be destroyed in the event of capture, and strong on the outer side, having cannon mounted. Immense military stores are constantly kept ready for use in the Citadel, and arms for twenty thousand are ready at a moment's notice. In the event of the capture of the city, it could easily be destroyed from the Citadel. The A Battery, consisting of about two hundred rank and file, is now quartered there, and seems but a handful in the immense fortress. It is impossible to say what the building of the Citadel cost, but the sums expended on the fortifications of Quebec were so extravagant that Louis XIV expressed himself that they must have been built of gold.

Among the improvements proposed by the Earl of Dufferin was the construction of a new Castle of St. Louis in the Citadel, in the Norman style of architecture, to be the residence set apart for the Governor General of Canada, but that scheme is not likely to be carried-out.

St. Louis Street.

Descending the Citadel Hill, we return to St. Louis street. At a short distance on the left hand side, 'is the City Hall, built on the site of the house once occupied by the chemist, M. Arnous, to which, as stated by some, Montcalm was carried from the Plains of Abraham after being wounded. The third house from the next corner on the same side, is where General Montgomery's body was taken on that fatal 31st Dec., 1775. It was then occupied by a cooper named Gaubert, and from it the body was taken and buried, as above mentioned, at the foot of Citadel Hill. It is now an emporium for the sale of Indian work and other curiosities by Mr. Talbot.

Further down the street, on the right hand side, is a large building, now occupied by Col. Forest, which intendant Bigot, with his wonted liberality with things not belonging to him, presented to his mistress, the beautiful Angélique Meloises, the wife of De Paen, Bigot's chief assistant in all his nefarious transactions. After Bigot had returned to France, stripped of his honors and of his illgottot wealth, and branded with the name of thief, Madame De Paen was not forgetful of her quondam lover, but, out of the spoils she had managed to keep safe, allowed him a moderate competency. Mr. Kirby, in his historical romance, "The Golden Dog," has woven an exceedingly intricate and exciting

plot out of the loves of these two personages. The residence of the fair and proud Angelique became, under English rule, quarters for officers not residing in the Citadel, and the buildings in rear were used as the Military Hospital. These buildings from an hospital have become Her Majesty's Courts of Law in this district, much to the disgust, inconvenience and general dissatisfaction of the gentlemen of the long robe.

In rear of these present Courts of Law is a hill called Mount Carmel, on which, in the time of the French domination, stood a wind-mill, turned into a tower of defense by a heavy cannon mounted thereon for the protection of the colony, against the inroads of the warlike Iroquois. The wind-mill has disappeared, but in the spring-time the lilac trees on its summit present a most delightful sight, while the delicious odor from them is some compensation to those who have to practice law in the buildings beneath.

Further down St. Louis street, on the same side, are two small houses irregularly located, which cannot fail of attracting notice by their ancient style of architecture; the immense thickness of their walls, their small doors and windows, the lowness of their basement story, in fact their only story, their huge chimneys and their peaked roofs mark them as of the old time. But, like the houses on St. John street they have outlived their history; their position

must have had a romantic side to it, so near to the naughty De Paen, so close to the Ursuline Convent, and Mad. De la Peltrie's habitation, and lying secure beneath the protecting tower on Mount Carmel, beside the stream which history tells us flowed down from the Cape to the River St. Charles.

The Ursuline Convent.

Passing down the street opposite these old fashioned structures, we come to the Ursuline Convent and Chapel, in which lie the remains of the brave Montcalm. Madame De la Peltrie, a pious French lady, founded the Convent in 1641, and as is usual with all buildings of that time, it was destroyed by fire, in 1650. Being rebuilt, it was again destroyed on 21st Oct., 1686. On both these occasions, the Ursuline nuns were received by the Hospitalières Nuns of the Hotel Dieu. It was again rebuilt, the whole colony assisting in its construction; so loved and esteemed were Madame De la Peltrie and the Ursulines. The Convent has been greatly enlarged during the last few years. A garden is in the rear, in which about twenty five years ago was a monarch ash tree.

The Chapel of St. Ursula is alongside the

Convent and possesses many valuable paintings,
as follows :

Jesus sitting down at meat in Simon's house..Ph. de Champagne.
Death of St. Jerome.....
Bishop St. Nonus admitting to penance St
Pelagia.....J. Prudhomme, 1737
The wise and foolish virgins.....From Florence.
The miraculous draught of fishes.....De Dieu, 1741.
The Virgin, the Infant and St. Catherine....
St. Theresa in ecstasy.....
The Annunciation.....
Christ's adoration by the shepherds
The Savior exhibiting his heart.....
The Savior preaching.....Champagne.
The portrait of the Savior according to St.
Lude
The Virgin and Infant.....
Redemption of Captives at Algiers, by the
Reverend Father of Mercy.....Ristout.
France offering religion to the Indians of Ca-
nada, and allegory by a Franciscan, 1700.
St. Peter concealing himself to witness the
sufferings of Christ.....Spanish School.

A monument to the memory of Montcalm,
erected Sept. 14th, 1859, deserves attention.
One to the memory of Montcalm was also erected
by Lord Aylmer, in 1832.

The following relics are in the Chapel and
Convent: The body of St. Clements, from the
Catacombs of Rome, brought to the Urselines
in 1687. The skull of one of the companions of
St Ursula, 1675 ; the skull of St. Justus, 1662,
a piece of the Holy Cross, 1667 ; a portion of
the Crown of Thorns, brought from Paris in
1830.

Opposite the Chapel is the site of Madame De la Peltrie's house whereon is now a cutstone building.

This is on Garden street, through which Theller and Dodge passed after their perilous descent from the Citadel towards Hope Gate, and endeavored to procure entrance into the old house now in existence along side of the Russell House and occupied at present by a dressmaker. It was, at the time of Theller and Dodge, 1838, a tavern kept by one Daniel McClory. Two more old-fashioned houses are on the right hand corner, facing the St. Louis Hotel, one a hair-dresser's establishment, kept by Mr. Williams, and the other a saloon, called the Montcalm Cottage. They have undergone some modernizing touches but are of the same style of architecture as the two above mentioned. In them it is said Montcalm established his head quarters, and here, probably, he discussed with his officers the action to be taken against the enemy, when they appeared on the open field, rather than remain entrenched behind the city walls — a decision which proved so fatal to victor and vanquished, and which gained for England the Dominion of Canada, and lost to the French King what he contemptuously designated "a few acres of snow." On the opposite corner is the Masonic Hall, on the ground flat of which is Mr. Gustave Leve's office for the issue of tickets by all the railroads and steamship lines

in Canada, the United States and Europe. In the same building is the agency of the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental railway.

Opposite is the St. Louis Hotel, the best in the city as regards locality and everything else. To the right of the hotel is the Music Hall. To the east is the building which was once the residence of the Duke Kent, the father of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. In 1791, he enlivened the *élite* of Quebec society by his dinners and *petits soupers*, presided over by the beautiful Madame St. Laurent and which too often attained a doubtful celebrity.

When passing down Palace street, the visitor will notice a statue of General Wolfe in a niche in front of the house, at the westerly corner of Palace and John streets. This statue, carved by the brothers Cholet for Mr Hipps, a butcher, then proprietor of the existing house, was placed by him in the niche, in 1771. The Albion Hotel is on the right hand side of the street, and directly opposite it is an old-fashioned buildings with the distinguishing thick walls and cavernous vaults of the French era; in this house resided M. Brassard Duchesnaux, a druggist the bosom friend of the infamous intendant Bigot.

The Hotel-Dieu.

On the opposite side of the street, at a short distance, is the entrance to the Hotel-Dieu Convent and Hospital, founded in 1639 by the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who brought out the Hospitalières Nuns and placed them in charge. Prior to the siege of 1759 it was destroyed by fire, and afterwards rebuilt. It consists of a convent and hospital in which patients are treated *gratis*. At times, the house of these benevolent ladies is filled with unfortunate invalids, who receive unremitting care and attention from the sisterhood. The bones of the martyr, the Rev. Father Gabriel Lalement and the skull of Father Brebœuf, are deposited in the convent. The entrance to the chapel is on Charlevoix street. Some fine paintings adorn the walls.

The Nativity -	Stella.
The Virgin and Child	Noël Coypol.
Vision of St. Thérèse	Geul Manageot.
St. Bruno in meditation	Eustache LeSueur.
The descent from the Cross	Copy, by Plamondon.
The Twelve Apostles	Copy, by Baillargé the elder
The Monk in prayer	De Zurbaran.

Congregational Church.

Opposite the entrance to the Hotel-Dieu is the Congregational (Protestant) Church a plain building seating about 600, erected in 1840, but which is now unoccupied.

St. Patrick's Church.

In the adjoining street (McMahon) is St. Patrick's Church, erected in 1832, under the ministration of the Redemptorist Fathers. It has been enlarged and greatly improved, by frescousing the walls and ceilings. A magnificent organ has also been erected. Attached to it is the Presbytery, and in rear of it is the St. Patrick's Catholic Literary Institute founded in 1852. In front of the Church an extensive schoolhouse has been erected, and is also under the control of the Redemptorist Fathers.

Trinity Chapel.

The Trinity Chapel (Episcopal), in St Stanislas street, was for some years used by the military, and was closed after the withdrawal of the troops, but is now again in use.

The Methodist Church.

At the top of the same hill is the Methodist Church, erected in 1850, in flamboyant style of architecture. It seats about 1,600.

St. Andrew's Church.

Close at hand is St. Andrew's Church built in 1810 and enlarged in 1821. It accommodates 1,500 persons. A manse and schoolhouse are attached. The Reverend Dr. Cook, who has been the pastor for the last forty eight years, has lately resigned.

Morrin College.

In a building, which was formerly the district gaol, erected in 1814, at a cost of \$60,000, is the Morrin College, which was founded by the magnificent endowment of the late Dr. Morrin of Quebec, in 1860, incorporated by Provincial Act of Parliament, in 1861, and opened in November, 1862. It is affiliated with McGill University of Montreal. Its faculty of Divinity is in connection with the Church of Scotland. The late Mr. Justice Aylwin presented it with his valuable Law Library.

The Literary and Historical Society.

This Society which was founded by Lord Dalhousie in 1824, has its rooms in Morrin College. It has a large library and an extensive museum, and is in a flourishing condition.

Institut Canadien.

This Society is in a building on Fabrique street and has a large roll of members.

The Women's Christian Association

is situate on St. Anne street, nearly opposite Morrin College court.

The High School.

The Quebec High School is a handsome building, situate in St. Denis street, at the foot of the Glacis, stretching downwards from the Citadel. It was established in 1845, and many of the leading men of the city have received their education within its walls.

Chalmers' Church.

in St. Ursule street, built after the Gothic style was erected in 1852. It seats about 900 persons. This church was the scene of the Gavazzi riot, which took place in 1859, and was the cause of much imbitterment between the Roman Catholics and Protestants of the city, happily long since subsided.

The Baptist Church.

is a small building in McMahon street, opposite the entrance to the Artillery Park, and was erected in 1854.

The French Protestant Church.

is a pretty little church situated in St. John street, without and was erected 1876.

St. Matthew's Chapel (Episcopal)

is also situate in St. John street, erected in the English burial ground, which has long since been closed. St. Matthews' is built after the Gothic style, and is tastefully ornamented in its interior. During the last few years it has been considerably enlarged and a steeple added thereto. There is another Episcopal chapel, St. Peter's, in St. Valier street, St. Roch, and the Mariners' Chapel on Champlain street, as also a Scandinavian Chapel.

Church and Convent of the Grey Sisters.

This church is situate in St. Olivier street, but it is so hemmed in by the other buildings

of the sisterhood that it is hardly discernible and, moreover, it is without a steeple since its last destruction by fire. On the occasion of the burning of the Parliament Buildings, the sittings of the Chambers were held in this church, or were about to be held, when it, too, fell a prey to the flames, and Parliament was removed to the Music Hall. Grave suspicions were entertained at the time as to the causes of these two conflagrations. Hundreds of children are educated in the School.

Young Men's Christian Association.

Immediately outside St. John's Gate is the Young Men's Christian Association building, the lower part of which is let as shops. In it are a library, reading room and lecture hall. The Secretary of the Association is J. N. Shannon, and the building is open to the public.

Jeffrey Hale Hospital

is situated opposite the Convent of the Grey Sisters, and was founded by the late Jeffrey Hale, Esq., who passed his life in doing good. It is under the direction of a Board of Governors.

The Brother's School.

is situate on Gallow's Hill, and has a very large attendance at a nominal rate of charges.

Le Bon Pasteur and other Religious Establishments.

The Church and Hospital of Le Bon Pasteur is situate on Lachevrotière street. It is a refuge for lost women and a school of reform.

St. John's Church in the ward of that name is being rebuilt on the old foundations, it having been destroyed by fire.

In St. Roch there are two Catholic churches, the Parish Church and the Church of the Congregation, under the ministration of the Jesuits, both situate in St. Joseph street, in which also are several schools for the instruction of girls.

In St. Sauveur there are the Parish Church, and the Church of Our Lady of Lourde and large schools.

The Hospital of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is situate near the River St. Charles, in St. Sauveur.

The Bellevue Convent is situate at St. Foy, and the Convent of Jesus Marie at Sillery.

The Finlay Asylum, of Gothic architecture, is situate on St. Foy road, just outside the toll-

gate, and is a home for aged and infirm Protestants.

On the Grande Allée, near the toll-gate, are three benevolent institutions—the Ladies' Protestant Home of the Church of England, the Female Orphan Asylum, and St. Bridget's Asylum, near which last is St. Patrick's Cemetery, now closed to interments.

Another Roman Catholic Church, Notre-Dame de la Grâce is at Cap Blanc.

The Marine Hospital.

This magnificent building is situate on the banks of the St. Charles, in the northern part of St. Roch suburbs. It is built after the Ionic style of architecture, and is said to be in imitation of the temple of the Muses on the River Illissus, near Athens. Its site is on the place called la Vacherie, on the opposite side of the river to which Jacques Cartier met Donnacona in 1535. The foundation stone was laid in 1832 by Lord Aylmer, then Governor of Lower Canada and the building was completed in 1834, at a cost of nearly \$100,000. It has accomodation for over six hundred patients. It is solely for the use of mariners and immigrants.

The General Hospital.

The General Hospital is one of the finest institutions of the kind in Canada, or the States. It is situate on the south bank of the St. Charles, not far from the Marine Hospital. The buildings are extensive, and with the gardens cover a large area. It was founded by Monseigneur de St. Valier, second Bishop of Quebec, as an asylum for incurable diseases. In 1692, it was placed under the charge of the Hospitalières Nuns, who, in 1751, constituted a separate body from their sisters of the Hôtel-Dieu.

Near the General Hospital is a wind-mill of a most old-fashioned order. It was a protection as a fort to the Convent. On the opposite side of the river are immense vaults, used at the time of the French for storing provisions.

The Skating Rink.

Just outside the city walls, on the Grand Allée is the Quebec Skating Rink, supposed to be the finest on the Continent. It was finished in 1877, and opened in the winter of that year by the late Lieutenant-Governor Letellier de St. Just, on the occasion of a grand fancy dress ball, several of which are given during the season. The A Battery band plays there in the afternoon of certain days of every week in the winter season.

The Departmental Buildings.

The Departmental Buildings are on the north side of the Grand Allée, and form a magnificent pile. They are constructed in the modern style of architecture, are four stories in height with a mansard roof and towers at each corner. There are at present only the three sides of the square completed ; the fourth, that intended for the Legislature being now under construction, and it is expected that in the course of three years or so, this part shall be completed, when it will be one of the finest buildings on the continent. The ventilation and drainage are good, being much superior in those respects to the buildings at Ottawa. Being erected on almost the highest part of the city, the view from the roof and upper stories is unrivalled. In these buildings are contained all the Departments of the local government, which heretofore were scattered throughout the city.

The Drill Shed.

This is by no means a magnificent building, erected on the south side of the Grand Allée, not far from the Departmental buildings, but it is to be shortly replaced by a more imposing structure. Besides being a drill shed, it was, after the destruction of the Montcalm ward by fire,

occupied as a refuge for the houseless, where they were fed for many weeks at the expense of the public and the charitably disposed.

During the Provincial Exhibition of 1877, it was used for the reception of machinery and scientific models. Horticultural, poultry and dog shows have also been held there, and even a prayer meeting has sanctified the locality.

Lacrosse Grounds.

To the right of the Grand Allée is a large enclosure appropriated by the lovers of lacrosse; several clubs devoted to which game are in the city.

The observatory.

At a short distance further out on the Plains of Abraham is the Quebec Observatory.

Quebec Gaol.

On the Plains of Abraham is a massive building, the Quebec Gaol.

The Harbor.

The Harbor Improvements are at the mouth of the St. Charles river and are well worth a visit. They are being constructed at the expense of the Dominion government and comprise an immense wharf running from the Gas Wharf into the St. Lawrence, where another wharf at right angles connects it with the old Commissioners' Wharf, thus enclosing large docks for shipping.

The Custom House.

Near the Commissioners' Wharf is the Custom House, a fine building of Doric architecture, built of cut stone, and whose portico fronts the St. Lawrence, with steps leading down to the water edge. It was built in 1854, consumed by fire in 1864 and shortly afterwards rebuilt.

Grand Trunk and other R. R. Stations

In the vicinity is the Grand Trunk Railway Station whence the Ferry Steamer leaves for the station on the Levis side of the river. The same ferry conveys passengers to the Intercolonial station at Levis.

Passengers by the Quebec Central railway cross the river by the Quebec and Lévis ferry boats. The North Shore and the Lake St. John Railway stations are situate in St. Paul Street, near the foot of Palace hill at the Palais harbor. It is intended to have a station of the North Shore Railway built on the Commissioners' Wharf at deep water.

The Gates.

Much that is interesting and ancient in Quebec has in the last few years disappeared. The old gates, which excited the wonder and curiosity of the traveler, have been levelled and the fortifications and walls of the city, which then bristled with cannon and were patrolled night and day by the vigilant sentinel, have changed their warlike appearance to peaceful promenades. St. Louis and St. John's gate were the most ancient, having been erected in 1694 and rebuilt in 1791. The former has given place in our days to the Dufferin gate and its former zigzag approaches straightened to a broad thoroughfare. St. John's gate, which had formerly but one narrow archway, was also demolished and rebuilt in 1865. Kent Gate was built to ornament a new thoroughfare through the city walls. Palace gate was also erected under

the French domination, and was razed in 1791 by the English and replaced in 1831 by a handsome gate with three arches, which now has also disappeared. Hope gate was built in 1786 by Col. Hope, then commandant of the forces and administrator. It was also demolished in 1874. Prescott gate was erected in 1787 and has followed the fate of the others.

In 1827, under the administration of the Earl of Dalhousie, were erected on the citadel the Dalhousie and the Chain Gates.

THE ENVIRONS.

It can be said of Quebec that the environs are not surpassed, or even equalled in romantic beauty, or picturesque wildness. One may take any standpoint in the city, and before him is a glorious panorama; and at the end of nearly every street one may see a delightful vignette.

Beauport Asylum.

Leaving the city and crossing the river St. Charles by Dorchester Bridge- the visitor will drive along the Beauport road and within two miles reach the Beauport Asylum, founded in 1845 by Drs. Morrin, Douglas and Fremont, with the promise of the support of Lord Metcalfe and his government. Since that time, the establishment has been vastly increased and improved; there being the principal building, having two wings, another building separate from the main, and a sort of villa structure for convalescent patients. There are now over 900 inmates within its walls. After passing the asylum, the village of Beauport may be said to

commence, and its houses and cottages line the road for five miles, ending only at the river Montmorency. On the site of the village, or rather between it and the beach, was fought the battle of the 31st July 1759, between the English and French, in which the latter were victorious and the former lost 182 killed and 665 wounded and missing. The head quarters of Montcalm were to the right after passing over the stream, but the Manor House, in which they were established, was burnt a short time ago. After the taking of Quebec, the English avenged themselves by sacking and firing, not only the village of Beauport, but also those of L'Ange Gardien, Chateau Richer, St. Ann and Baie St. Paul and destroying all the crops in the country round.

After its destruction a plate was found on the corner stone with the following inscription in Roman capitals : " L'an 1634, le 29 juillet, je été plant première, P. C. GIFFORT, seigneur de ce lieu. " Above it were the letters I.H.S. and also M.I.A., representing the names Mary, Joseph and Anne. Beneath it was a heart with three stars and a smaller heart reversed. This plate is in the possession of Mr. Herman Ryland who has built a residence on the site of the old Manor House.

The Falls of Montmorency.

The Falls of Montmorency may be seen either from above or below. To view them from below, the visitor must descend what is called the Zigzag Hill, which passes through Mr. Hall's property, and in doing so the visitor is reminded that the residence of the Baron was once occupied by the Duke of Kent, the father of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. On reaching the foot of the hill we can pass along the beach, till we arrive, as it were, almost underneath the avalanche of waters, while the spray therefrom descends in a sort of drizzling shower, and through which, if the sun be shining, the brightly hued rainbow can be seen bathing its colors in the frenzied cataract. The body of water which from the height of 250 feet leaps its precipice, passes, it is said, through a subterranean passage, and rises in a tumultuous manner near the end of the Island of Orleans, gaining the name of Le Taureau, by boatmen considered a dangerous spot. The view above the Falls is taken from the opposite side, the visitor passing over the Montmorency Bridge, then through a field opposite the Hotel, and for which a charge is made, and down a stairway to a platform, which directly overlooks the Falls. The mad turbulence of the water and the deafening roar, which ever seems to increase, is almost bewildering, and the dizzy height at which one is placed causes a certain

amount of uneasiness and sense of danger. There is wildness all round, the high cliffs with overhanging trees and bushes and the violence of the rapids rivet the imagination with resistless fascination. On both sides of the river are the remnants of two towers, between which was suspended a bridge, but which fell about thirty years ago, carrying with it an unfortunate countryman, his wife, child, horse and vehicle, whose remains were never afterwards discovered.

The Natural Steps.

A by-way road through the field leads the visitor to the Natural Steps, which by some are considered the grandest feature of the scene. Nothing more wild and weird can be imagined than this mad river with perpendicular precipices on each side, clothed with tufts of shrubbery, and whose summits are fringed with overhanging pines, watching down as it were on the threatening waters, now leaping over huge rocks and forming furious cascades, anon seething, moody, silent pools, whose blackness makes night look pale. Here the waters eddy round in ever-quickenings circles, raising in their wrath bubbles and frothy atoms to the surface, and suddenly leaping onwards beneath the overhanging cliffs. Where the visitor stands, shady nooks hidden in ferns and wild plants invite to rest,

while the peculiar formation of the rocks serve as tables for pic-nic collations. In the summer, these Natural Steps are the resort of pleasure parties, and the followers of Izaak Walton can tempt from the angry torrent the most delicious speckled trout.

Near by is the Fairy River, which mysteriously disappears beneath the earth and again as mysteriously re-appears. It is also called l'Eau Tenue.

L'Ange Gardien.

The village of L'Ange Gardien is about four miles beyond Montmorency and as above stated, was destroyed by Wolfe's soldiery, after the battle of Beauport in 1759. There are some good trout fishing streams at a short distance, and in the fall snipe and partridge shooting.

Chateau Richer.

This village is about five miles further down. In the fruit season the orchards of l'Ange Gardien are so laden that along the road the green color of the trees is hidden by the purple of the plum and the roseate of the apple.

At about four miles distance to the south of Chateau Richer, are the beautiful Falls called Sault à la Puce, which are not only enchanting in their scenery, but abound in trout. The Chateau Richer beach is famous as a snipe ground, and in September and October numberless sportsmen help to slaughter these birds.

The Shrine and Falls of St. Anne.

At the distance of about twenty miles below Quebec is the village of St. Anne de Beaupré, sometime called St. Anne du Nord, and always *La bonne St. Anne*, to whom is consecrated the parish church, erected about six years ago by the Pope into a shrine of the first order. There is a fine painting by the famous artist LeBrun, "Ste. Anne and the Virgin," presented by M. de Tracy, viceroy of New France, in 1666, to the church, for benefits received. The festival day of this saint is the 26th of July, at which time thousands of pilgrims proceed not only by steamer and carriage, but on foot, to this holy shrine, many walking the whole distance from Quebec as a penance, or in performance of vows. The church is a new building, the old one having been found too small for the accommodation of the crowds of pilgrims who resort thither. In it are placed thousands of crutches

left by those who departed after being cured of lameness and other maladies by the Bonne Ste. Anne, whose praises are world wide; for here congregate thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the continent to be cured of their infirmities. Deposited in the sanctuary is a holy relic, a finger bone of the saint herself, on kissing which the devotee is immediately relieved of all wordly ills and misfortunes. Wonder begins and misbelief vanishes on gazing at the piles of crutches; there one beholds unmistakable evidence of the unlimited medicinal powers of the mother of the Virgin. Daily are the proofs of this power; the stranger can see with his own eyes the decrepit, the halt, the sore, the lame, the wounded carried into the sanctuary and depart therefrom, after kissing the holy relic, cured and whole. Many are the scenes here witnessed of the despairing filled with renewed hope and the feeble and faint glad again with strength and health. Countless are the anecdotes of the hopelessly blind and lame returning to their friends with sight and firm limbs, leaving behind them their bandages and crutches. Incredulity vanishes before such evidence, and the sceptic leaves the shrine of Ste. Anne with conviction deeply settled in his soul.

Within the last two or three years pilgrim parties have been made up in different parts of the province, and arrive in Quebec either by train or steamboat, and then proceed by the regular

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boats to Ste. Anne, where they pass the day and return in the evening. Some of these pilgrims prefer the road, and either hire vehicles or drive down in the omnibuses, of which there are two, or three, competing lines.

Within three miles of the village are the Falls of Ste. Anne, which consist of seven cascades, the waters of one passes through a chasm which can be leaped by those of strong nerves and sinews, but powerful as Ste. Anne is, and devoted as she is to miracles, it is doubtful whether even she could save the unfortunate who misses his leap and is plunged into this chasm. The fishing above and below the Falls is very good for salmon and trout, and the scenery is of that wild description generally characteristic of the Laurentian Range.

Island of Orleans.

The Island of Orleans, or the Isle de Bacchus, as it was at first called, or Minego by the Indians, or Isle des Sorcières by the credulous, is reached by ferry from Quebec, as soon as navigation opens, and is a favorite summer retreat of Quebecers. Its history is replete with stirring events. Wolfe took possession of it in 1759, and his troops ransacked it from end to end. The villages of St. Pierre, Ste Famille, St. Jean, St. Laurent, St. François and St. Féréol are all flour-

ishing, and their churches date from the old times, or have been replaced by modern edifices. A new steamer called the "Orleans" runs daily between Quebec and the Island for the convenience of strangers.

The views of Quebec and the Falls, in fact of all the surroundings, are very fine, while the delightful walks and drives through the woods and along the beach are a constant source of pleasure.

Charlesbourg.

Leaving Dorchester Bridge by the left, the first place of interest is Ringfield, the residence of Mr. Park, not far from which Jacques Cartier wintered with his three vessels, "La Grande Hermine," "La Petite Hermine," and "L'Emérillon," from 15th September, 1535 until 6th May, 1536, and which place he named St. Croix, having erected in the vicinity a high cross as a sign of possession by the King of France, a painting of which is to be seen in the picture gallery of the Laval University. A few years ago, some remains of Jacques Cartier's vessels were found, and at the present day are easily discernible the mounds and earthworks thrown up by the little army of brave adventurers.

About two miles from the Bridge is the Gros Pin Cemetery, set apart in 1847 for the immi-

grants and others who died in the hospitals of fever and other contagious diseases.

At the distance of four miles, on the same road, is the beautiful village of Charlesbourg, in whose centre is the parish church.

At the time of the siege, Charlesbourg was the refuge of the priests, ladies and non-combatants of the city, of the Island of Orleans and the different villages of the North Shore, whose houses had been pillaged, and whose substance had been destroyed.

A convent erected by the late Mr. Muir, formerly Clerk of the House of Assembly, is near Charlesbourg, where instruction is given to young children.

Chateau Bigot.

To the east of Charlesbourg, at a distance of about four miles, is the Chateau Bigot, or Beaumanoir, as it is sometimes called, or otherwise The Hermitage; the romantic history of which is somewhat as follows :—

At the foot of La Montagne des Ormes are the ruins of Chateau Bigot, ruins which can now but faintly give an idea of what the original building was, of its grandeur, of its extent, of its secret passages, of its form. Two gables and a centre wall, or rather the remnants of them, are visible, and from the fact of there being a

sort of clearance, now partly overgrown, we may presume that there was a garden. Ensconced in the midst of a forest on one of the slopes of the Laurentides are these shreds of the past and one can not but be impressed with deep melancholy as his eyes rest upon this deserted spot and his fancy repeoples the shattered hall and chambers with the giddy and guilty throngs which once crowded them. History has given some few indistinct data, and imagination has done the rest in this story of secret sin.

The Intendant Bigot, whose profligacy and extravagance were unlimited, and whose rapacity furnished his requirements, constructed this chateau in the wilds of the mountains, and hither, with companions as graceless as himself, he was wont to adjourn to indulge in every excess of dissipation. The intendant was a man fond of field sports, and the chateau was the head-quarters of his hunting expeditions. It is said that on one of these he lost his way and met a young Algonquin squaw of singular beauty, who led him to the chateau, and was induced to enter its walls, but its strong doors were closed against her egress, and she remained either a prisoner to love, or to fate. But the Intendant was a man of mark in the colony, a man to satisfy the longings of an ambitious girl, who might wish for power; and such a one there was in the city of Quebec, who was deter-

mined to have the Intendant as her lord, that she, as his wife, might rule in New France, as her counterparts did then in Old France, to have the power to reward her favorites and punish her enemies. Such a one, it is said by Mr. Kirby, in his historical romance, "The Gilded Dog," was Angelique Des Meloises; and she had heard of the Indian maid at Beaumanoir. Murder is a trifle to such natures as hers, wholly absorbed by ambition; and one night a piercing cry was heard echoing through the halls and corridors of Beaumanoir, and Caroline the unhappy Algonquin, was found in her chamber stabbed and dead. Not long since was to be seen her gravestone in a vault of Beaumanoir, with but the letter C, engaved thereon. It is said that the unhappy Caroline was not of full Indian race, but that her father, by marriage, was an officer of high rank in the army of France. Such is the story, not the first nor the last, connected with this place, which has been replete with guilt and much sorrow.

Mr. Amédée Papineau and Mr. Marmette, in his romance "L'Intendant Bigot," have given sketches of the tale.

Ascending the hill in rear of the ruins of the Chateau, the visitor will be recompensed by a magnificent view. To the west is the valley of the St. Charles, to the south the city of Quebec and Point Levis, and to the east the Island of Orleans, the villages of Beauport, L'Ange Gar-

dien, Chateau Richer, Ste. Anne, and the River St. Lawrence, for the distance of nearly one hundred miles, a panorama of incomparable beauty.

Lake Beauport.

Continuing along the Charlesbourg highway, after leaving the village, for about four miles, we turn into a less macadamised, but much more delightful, road. The sweet smell of the woods is a welcome, the songs of birds hasten you on, and the wild, uncultured country charms you, till you feel in an ecstasy with the whole scene, when suddenly you arrive at an opening in the forest and a fairy lake, surrounded by high mountains, appears before you, and ere your wonder has had perfect consciousness, you are driven up to the Lake Beauport Hotel, a country house with a verandah in front and gardens of flowers and kitchen vegetables in rear, where fishing-rods lean lazily against the gable, and baskets of speckled trout, wrapped carefully in cooling leaves, are placed in shady nooks, and trim country lassies come to relieve you of wraps and impedimenta; and the glorious lake shines before you like a silver shield, and you imagine that fairy boats are gliding on its bosom filled with joyous being; but they are simply happy people like yourself, who have

come out to see this *sous-sous* in the wood, this *nepenthe* among the mountains, this, *dolce far niente* on the bosom of a lake, where the flies never bite, the fish ever rise, and little black-eyed *gamins* paddle you around in canoes just for a song. Go out with your rod, look at the towering mountains, and the woodland nooks and shady little coves, where trout jump about like sprites, and come back with a basketful, and have your dinner at the cottage hotel, with wild strawberries and cream, and then return to town and say what you think of Lake Beaufort.

Lorette.

The Indian village of Lorette is nine miles from town, and can be reached by the Charlesbourg road, turning off to the left at the village of Charlesbourg, or by the Little River road which divides at Scott's Bridge, one branch going by the north and the other by the south side of the River St. Charles, or the *Cabir Coubat* of the olden time, both rejoining at the distance of about three miles. On the south branch is the French Catholic Cemetery, and beyond it the St. Charles race course. Lorette is situated on a hill, down which rushes the River St. Charles, forming in the centre of the village the charmingly beautiful Falls of Lorette. A walk has been

made through the most striking parts of the vicinity, so that all the beauties of these Falls can be admired. It has more the character of a cascade, and there are delightful pieces of scenery above and below, and the river itself is a wild torrent, in which at one time salmon were taken. In the eastern part of the village reside the remnants of the once powerful Huron tribe, now either coalesced with the French, or rapidly disappearing. A walk through this village brings the young savages out by scores, the youthful chiefs desiring to shoot for coppers and the forest maidens selling tobacco pouches, knife sheaths and all sorts of Indian work, some of which are very beautiful, and if bargained for properly can be had at a cheap rate, for they always ask their price, but take their value.

To the north of the village, passing through the Indian portion, you proceed to what is called the Aqueduct. It is a reservoir, from which the City of Quebec is supplied with water. Take a canoe and paddle up this fairy river, for it is full of lovely spots, where water nymphs and naiads would delight to dwell. Under arches of drooping boughs you glide, and smothered with the delicious aroma of pine and fir trees, and your ears ringing with the songs of birds, you press ever forward to see if there is no end to the enchantment, and if a lover of the rod, whip up the stream and hook the golden trout from the surface. Near by is Castorville, once a dam of

beavers, the seat of the Hon. Mr. Panet, a veritable paradise in the primeval forest, the perfect ideal of a picnic ground, where in the heat of summer, under the shade of giant trees, we may "recline like gods together, forgetful of mankind." A paddle of about six miles up the stream will bring you to Lake St. Charles.

Lake St. Charles.

is another favorite resort of the citizens of Quebec, and is about twelve miles distant. At the hotel, boats can be had for a row on the lake, which is about six miles long. It has not the beauty of Lake Beauport ; it has a more contented, more home-like look than the exciting charms of the other.

Lake Calvaire.

Or Lake St. Augustin, is about twelve miles from Quebec, to the north of Cap Rouge. On one side of it stretch to the water's edge cultivated fields and pastures with idling cattle ; on the other the wild bush. The lake is not renowned for its fishing, as no trout are to be caught in it, and it has an unenviable reputation among bathers, whom it frequently attacks with cramps

and often drags to a watery grave. It is simply a beautiful sheet of water. In the fall there are snipe, woodcock and partridge to be bagged in the vicinity, and this is enough to atone for its other deficiencies. St. Augustin church is near by and is worth a visit.

The Grande Allée and St. Foy Road and Plains of Abraham.

There is no more beautiful, or interesting, drive than that out by the Grande Allée and in by the St Roy road. On leaving the Dufferin Gate, the visitor will notice those buildings, already mentioned—The Quebec Skating Rink, the Departmental Buildings, the Drill Shed, the Martello Towers, the Church of England Female Orphan Asylum, Ladies' Protestant Home, Quebec Observatory and the St. Bridget's Asylum, and on passing the latter place the visitor will be upon the ground, whereon the centre of the French line of battle stood, the left wing extending towards the St. Lawrence and the right to the St. Charles valley, down to which they retreated after the defeat. After passing the toll gate about a hundred yards, the visitor will be upon the ground occupied by the English centre, the left wing extending towards the St. Charles and the right

towards the St. Lawrence. A monument is erected to the memory of Wolfe on the spot where he fell; a handsome pillar of granite, surmounted by a helmet and shield, and bearing the following inscription :

"This pillar was erected by the British army in Canada, A. D., 1849, His Excellency, Lieutenant-General Sir Benjamin d'Urban, being commander of the forces, to replace that erected by Governor-General Lord Aylmer, in 1832, which was broken and defaced and is deposited beneath."

It is surrounded by a neat iron railing.

Spencer Wood.

At the turn of the road is Spencer Wood, the residence of the Lieutenant Governor of the Province. It is a beautiful structure, and its paintings, statuary, vineries, greenhouses, gardens and shaded lawns are unequalled in the Province. The grounds are eighty acres in extent, and reach the summit of the precipice overlooking Wolfe's Cove, through which runs the little stream St. Denis, by whose ravine Wolfe climbed the heights. At different times resided here the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred and Prince Arthur and the late Prince Leopold.

Woodfield Cemetery.

Beyond Spencer Wood is the Irish Catholic Cemetery. It is a splendid property of about 80

acres, in the highest state of cultivation, and beautified by avenues, glades and vales, shady nooks and perfumed woods, a fit home for those who take the last quiet sleep of death.

Mount Hermon Cemetery.

Still further on is the Mount Hermon Cemetery, the Protestant burial ground. This has been established many years, and in it are very fine monuments of exquisite workmanship by Quebec artists,, and some from the United States, and England, and others parts of Europe. At one spot are the graves of over two hundred immigrants who perished by the burning of the steamer "Montreal." They had but arrived from the old country, and on the threshold of the new met with the most frighful of deaths.

The village opposite these cemeteries is Bergerville.

The Church of St. Columba and the Convent of Jesus Marie stand on the heights above Sillery, and on the beach below is erected a small chapel.

Some years ago the remains of the Jesuit priest Emmanuel Masse were found in the cave beneath Sillery, and a monument to his memory was erected. It is twenty feet high, and has four marble tablets with inscriptions. On this spot he was buried in 1646, and a church was erected there by the Commander of Sillery in 1677.

About five miles beyond Cap Rouge is the deserted Church of St. Augustin, built in 1648, now in ruins, on the beach; in reference to which is a legend that the devil in the shape of a horse assisted in the construction. This horse was continually kept bridled and employed in carting the stones of immense size, till one day a workman carelessly took off his bridle to give him a drink, when he immediately disappeared in a cloud of burning sulphur.

To the left of the road at about six miles from the city, is the property of Mr. Nelson, "Dorneld." There resided some years ago an eccentric individual of the name of Cameron, who prided himself on being the son of the Duke of Kent, the father of H. M. Queen Victoria. His Royal Highness was intimate with a Mrs. Cameron whose husband, when he discovered it, committed suicide by hanging, but it is said, his wife, to hush up matters, had the body taken to the river and when it was there found, it was supposed he had been accidentally drowned.

The visitor may continue the drive, if he so please, to Cap Rouge and then turn into the St. Foy road. Descending by the road leading to the St. Foy church the extended view of the St. Charles valley strikes one with delight.

Forty miles to the east and continuing till it end at Cap Tourment, forty miles to the west, the ranges of mountains form a magnificent back-ground to a variegated panorama of vil-



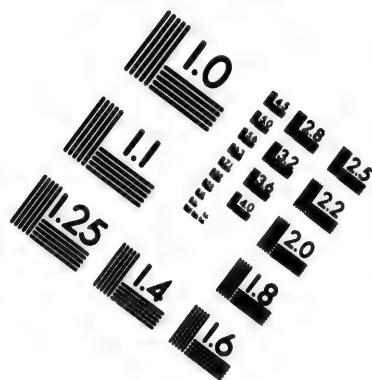
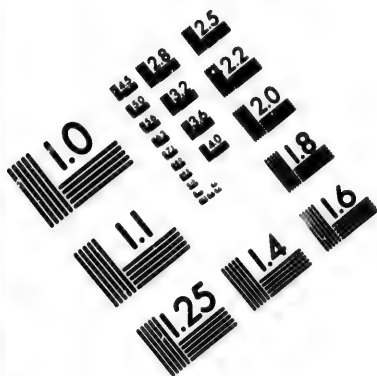
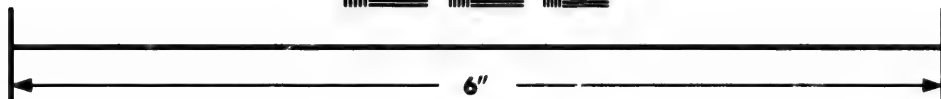
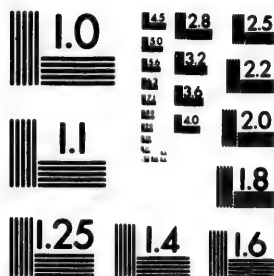


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lages, churches, farmhouses, forest, river, stream, hill and cultivated plain, which never tire the eye. The river St. Charles is seen winding its intricate course through wood and field, losing itself finally in the Great St. Lawrence.

To the north of St. Foy road is the Belmont Roman Catholic Cemetery and near by is the Belmont Inebriate Asylum, kept by Mr. Wakeham. The building was once occupied by General Montgomery, as was also Holland House near the city, the property of the late Judge Stuart. At about one mile distant from the city is the monument, erected by the St. Jean Baptiste Society, to the brave who fell at the battle of the Plains in 1760. The monument is of iron on a stone base, and surmounted by a statue of Bellona, the gift of Prince Napoleon. Four bronze cannons are placed at each corner of the pedestal. The monument bears the following inscription :

Aux braves de 1860. Erigé par la Société St. Jean Baptiste de Québec, 1860.

On the right side are the arms of England and the name of Murray, then governor of Québec. On the left side is the name of Levis, who commanded the French, and the arms of old France. On the opposite side is a bas relief of Dumont's Mill and the arms of Canada. This monument was inaugurated with great ceremony on the 19th of October, 1762, by Lord Monck, then

Governor General of Canada, and an eloquent discourse was given on the occasion by the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau.

Point Levis.

A visit to Levis is interesting. Not many years ago an encampment of Indians was yearly located at the place now called St. Joseph de Levis, and the citizens and strangers were then wont to make excursions to interview these dusky roamers. In rear of the Town of Levis are constructed three Forts, for the protection landwards of the position. They are of triangular formation, their bases facing the city and consisting simply of a wall, without any defence except the ditch, leaving it open to be battered by the guns of the Citadel in the event of occupation by an enemy. The two other sides are strongly loopholed casements, protected by a glacis, and having loopholed caponnières at the angles to sweep the ditch, and which are reached by subterranean passages. The ditches all round the forts are twenty feet deep by about forty feet in width and crossed at only one point by a draw bridge, which is removed at will. Each fort contains at least one large well and has accommodation for about four hundred men. Number one, which is situate in rear of the Grand Trunk Station, is altogether built of stone,

whilst the exterior facings of the casements of numbers 2 and 3 are of brick. The magazines are two in number and are built to contain a large quantity of powder. The present armament of each fort consists of but one pivot gun, a seven inch breach loading Armstrong, throwing a projectile of 120 lbs; but at very short notice the three forts could be completely armed from the vast stores in the Citadel. These forts cost the English Government about \$900,000.

In the lower portion of the town is the Intercolonial Railway station, Iron Works, Hayes Hotel, and towards the west, what is called South Quebec, is the station of the Grand Trunk Railway, near which is the Victoria Hotel. The cattle sheds are within a short distance of the railway station and are very commodious and well conducted, and are located in Fort No. 1. Nearly opposite the city is the graving dock.

The Chaudiere Falls,

At a short distance from South Quebec are the Chaudière Falls, which may be reached either by train, steamer or cab. These Falls are somewhat similar to those of Lorette, on a larger scale, their height being about one hundred and thirty feet. The visitor may at the same time chance to witness the venturesome experiments of raftsmen on the saw-logs, which are tumbled

over the Falls, and which collect in groups above the rapids in a locked state ; when it is imperative on the men to loose them from the difficulty.

Down the valley of this river swarmed the hardy volunteers under Arnold, but many had to succumb before they arrived at the mouth of Chaudière, and many more had to regret that they ventured into such an undertaking.

The Church of New-Liverpool is famed for its frescoes and paintings, and in the scenery of Etchemin the visitor can find much that never before gratified his eye.

The River Jacques Cartier.

Proceeding by the North Shore Railway, the visitor reaches the beautiful River Jacques Cartier, so famed for its salmon fishing. The scenery of this river is charming, and since the construction of the railway, the country is being ornamented by fine villas. The name of the village on the river is St. Jeanne de Neuville. At about twelve miles distance is the village of St. Raymond on the river St. Anne in which river are multitudes of trout. This village is reached by the Lake St. John Railway, since the opening of which many improvements have been made. At a short distance from St. Raymond is Lake St. Joseph, famous for its black bass and

lunge fishing. There are other lakes and rivers in the neighborhood, where excellent fishing can be had. On the road to Three Rivers are several flourishing villages, among which may be mentioned St Bazile, Portneuf, Cap Santé, Deschambault, St. Anne de la Parade, Batiscau and Champlain.

The Shawenegan Falls.

At about thirty miles from Three Rivers, on the St. Maurice River are the beautiful Falls of Shawenegan, reached by the Piles branch of the North Shore Railway, and a visit to which will amply repay the tourist. They are one hundred and twenty feet in height.

St. Leon Springs.

At six miles from the Louiseville station are the St. Leon springs, the resort during summer, of many from all part of Canada and the States. A commodious hotel is kept by Mr. James R. Gilman, who provides vehicles at the station for the use of travelers.

Lake St. John Railway.

On of the most pleasant trips which the tourist visiting Quebec can take is that over this newly constructed line of railway, now completed to Lake Simon a distance of 46 miles, and upon which regular trains are running daily to St. Raymond, 36 miles. This road will be completed to Lake St. John, 175 miles, by December, 1886.

The country through which it runs is noted for its beautiful and romantic scenery. The Indian village of Lorette is situate on this line, the falls of the Jacques Cartier River, the beautiful valley of Valcartier, the famous Lake St. Joseph (20 miles in circumference) Lake Sergent, Lake Simon, and the pretty village of St. Raymond in the wide valley of the River St. Anne. All these lakes and rivers abound in trout, and the ardent sportsman will have no difficulty in discovering an occasional black bear.

The tourist who has a week, or even a month, of leisure time can pass it with great satisfaction to himself at St. Raymond, where he will find ample material for his sketch book, or for his rod and gun.

Hotels at St. Ambroise, Lake St Joseph and St. Raymond.

Quebec Central Railway.

Along this line of railway are many delightful villages, among which may be mentionned St. Anselme, St. Marie, St. George, and St. Joseph, affording charming summer retreats, which are rapidly being taken advantage of and also a number of beautiful lakes, the shores of which are traversed by this line.

It connects with Sherbrooke, Lake Memphremagog and the States.

Lake Memphremagog.

One of the most enchanting spots in Canada is the lake which has been described as the Geneva of Canada. It is about thirty miles in length and from four miles and less in breadth and on it are many delightful islands. The Owl's Head is 2500 feet in height. "Elephantas and other mountains throw their grand outlines against the western sky. The beautiful villages of Magog and Georgeville adorn its banks, and trout, lunge, pickerel and white fish are taken in its waters.

Fishing, etc.

In the vicinity of Quebec are many lakes well known among the followers of Isaac Walton, where trout, pike, lunge and white fish may be caught, among which may be mentioned, lakes Berryman, Beauport, St. Charles, St. Joseph, Sept Iles, Snow, Jacques-Cartier, St. Joachim, Fairy and Daker's all within an easy distance of the city excepting Lakes Snow and Jacques-Cartier.

For those fond of the gun, the beaches of Chateau Richer and St. Anne afford excellent sport for snipe, while throughout Stoneham, and Lorette, and Cap Rouge, partridge and woodcock abound. In the north are found caribou in the winter and bears are often met with in the same localities, while *loups-cerviers* are frequent visitors in the neighborhood of the city.

Watering Places and Summer Retreats.

Les Eboulements

is a summer resort, on the North Shore, at about seventy miles below Quebec. Earthquakes are frequently experienced here, and the country is extremely hilly.

Tadousac, the Saguenay, Murray Bay and Les Eboulements are reached by steamers, which leave Quebec three or four times a week.

Murray Bay

or Malbaie, is about ninety miles from Quebec, on the North Shore. There are three localities, Murray Bay proper, Pointe au Pic and Cap à l'Aigle, all centres of attraction to those who wish to escape the heat of summer and enjoy salt water bathing. There are, in the vicinity, several sheets of water famed for their trout, and at an easy distance,

Tadousac.

At the mouth of the Saguenay, 130 miles from Quebec, is the village of Tadousac, a favo-

rite summer resort, where Lord Dufferin passed a great part of his time.

Tadousac is not only a fine watering place, but has a history of the most interesting character. It was at one time the chief trading port of the French settlements and was the first mission residence of Father Marquette. The ruins of the first church in Canada are still pointed out to the stranger.

River Saguenay.

There is probably nothing grander than a sail up the River Saguenay. On each side are the towering and precipitous cliffs, while beneath roll the dark waters of this mysterious river, which partakes of a gloomy and almost hideous character. One might imagine himself on the river Styx, and when now and again a seal is seen to appear on the surface, one reverts to Dante's Inferno, and dreams that a lost soul is plunging in the dark river. The sombre appearance of the river is deepened by the frowning Capes Eternity and Trinity, which rise perpendicularly to a dizzy height. A colossal statue of the Madonna is placed on the summit of Cape Eternity, at whose base is erected a small chapel. No one should miss a sail on this wild stream. Ha! Ha! or Grand Bay is a beautiful expanse of water 60 miles from the month, and ten miles south of Chicoutimi.

Riviere Ouelle

is ninety two miles from Quebec. Near the wharf is Fraser's Hotel. It is about eight miles from the Railway station and is an excellent one. Drives in the vicinity are interesting. At a short distance from it is

Kamouraska,

a delightful village, having hotels and houses to be let during the season, to suit the visitor. Every convenience can be had in the way of bathing and the surrounding country is charming.

Rivière du Loup,

or Fraserville is close to the station. At one time, it was the fashionable resort of pleasure-seekers, but other places have put it in the shade. It is however, a pleasant village, and every accommodation can be had. At the distance of about six miles is

Cacouna,

the Saratoga of Canada. About twenty years ago travelers were taken from the steamer in boats, and were met while in the shallow water by hay carts and other non-descript vehicles, by which they gained the shore, and had to put up

with such accommodation as they could find. Now magnificent hotels, with all the modern improvements, adorn the centre of the village, while many minor ones and boarding houses are scattered far and near, and beautiful villas and elegant mansions are everywhere to be seen. The Cacouna of old has disappeared, and a brand new one has taken its place. The beach is within easy walk of the village, and the bathing is unsurpassed, the water being of a more bearable temperature than that of the North Shore, where the cold is penetrating. There are, besides, various fishing grounds within a few miles, which greatly reward the sportsman.

Trois Pistoles.

This is a delightfully situated village on the line of Railway at about 148 miles from Point Levis. The salt water bathing is fine and the surrounding country beautiful.

Rimouski.

Is an incorporated town of about 1200 inhabitants and much resorted to as a summer retreat. It is situate about fifty-five miles below Rivière du Loup and contains many hand-some buildings.

Metis.

At about ninety miles below Cacouna is the village of Metis, rapidly becoming a fashionable resort. The last few named places are on the South shore of the St. Lawrence, and can be reached by the Intercolonial Railway, or by steamer.

The Metapediac Valley.

Is a well known resort of sportsmen, who in the summer season go there to participate in the salmon fishing. A number of New-York gentlemen have purchased a large tract from the former proprietor Mr. Daniel Fraser and pass a few weeks there during the hot weather. There are many other very pleasurable resorts on the route of the Intercolonial Railway, which are yearly becoming more popular.

The Gulf.

There are beautiful places in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which would well repay the tourist visiting them, places which may well vie with the grandest attractions of the old world whether they be of that grand character demanding homage, or those sylvan beauties so attractive of leisure or repose.

New Carlisle.

. Is a small town and also the capital of the county of Bonaventure, and is situated between two salmon and trout rivers, the Bonaventure and Nouvelle ; nine miles apart, in rear of New Carlisle is Black Lake, in which is splendid trout fishing and the surrounding county is magnificent. There are boats on it for the convenience of tourists. The salt water bathing at New Carlisle is excellent, while the sea fishing affords excellent sport in the catch of cod, sea trout and other fish.

This port may be reached by the steamer *Admiral*, which leaves Campbellton at the entrance of the Restigouche river and having a station on the Intercolonial railroad. It is expected that in a short time, so soon as the railway be completed eastwards, there shall be three trips a week.

The steamer *Admiral* on her leaving Campletown calls at

Carleton

thirty five miles from Campletown, a mountainous district and famed for its herring fisheries. The next place called at is

Maria

a small place famed for salmon and herring fishing. It is 45 miles from Campletown.

New Richmond

is the next place of call and is fifty three miles from Campbletown, and there is a large lumber and fish business carried on at Paspebiac, Port Daniel, Pabos, Cape Cove and Percé.

Percé.

This latter place is well worth a visit as it has an historical record and opposite it is the famous Percé Rock, which is an inaccessible precipice of about 300 feet in height and of a wonderful geological structure. In summer it is crowded with innumerable swarms of sea fowl.

The last touching points before reaching New Carlisle are Point St. Peter and Gaspé Bassin.

There is no more a delightful trip than by this route and those who travel as far as Campton, on the Intercolonial Railway, during the summer months, should not fail of taking a trip to the gulf by the route above described. At New Carlisle every accommodation can be afforded tourists and travelers.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS

Protestant Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH — Rev. E. J. Stobo — Service commences (Morning) 11.00 and (Evening) 7.00. Wednesday, 8.00 p. m. McMahon street, U. T.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, CATHEDRAL — (Church of England)—Right Rev. Bishop Williams, D. D., Rev. G. V. Housman, and Rev. J. Ridley, Service commences (Morning) 11 o'clock, and (Evening) 7. Garden Street, U. T.

CHALMERS' CHURCH—Rev. G. D. Mathews, D. D. Services commences (Morning) 11 o'clock. and (Evening) 7. Head of St. Ursule street U. T.

FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH—Rev. J. Allard. Service commences (Morning) 10.30 o'clock and (Evening) 7 St. John street without.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. W. Sparling M. A. B. D. Service commences (Morning) at 11 o'clock, and (Evening) at 7 o'clock. Wednesday, 7.30 p. m. Friday, (prayer meeting), 7.30 p. m. Corner St. Stanislas and Dauphine streets, U. T.

SCANDINAVIAN CHURCH — Rev. P. Olsen Cap Blanc.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH—(Church of Scotland)
Rev. J. J. Cook, D. D.—Service commences
(Morning) 11 o'clock, and (Evening) 7. St.
Andrew street, U. T.

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH (Church of England)—
Rev. Charles Hamilton, M. A. Rector, Ser-
vice commences (Morning) at 10.30 o'clock,
(Afternoon) at 4, and (Evening) at 7. St.
John street without.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, (Church of England)
Rev. A. A. Von Iffland, Rector. Service
commences (Morning) 11 o'clock, and (After-
noon) 4, Sillery Heights, Cap Rouge Road.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Mariners), (Church of Eng-
land) Rev. T. Richardson—Service com-
mences (Morning) at 10.30 o'clock, and
(Evening) 7. Champlain street.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH (Church of England)—
Rev. M. M. Fothergill—Service commences
(Morning) 10.30 o'clock, and (Evening) 7.
St. Valier street, St. Roch.

TRINITY CHURCH (Church of England)—Rev.
R. Ker. Service commences (Morning) 11
o'clock, (Evening) 7. St Stanislas street
U. T.

Roman Catholic Churches.

BASILICA—Rev. Mr. J. Auclair—(Morning) 9.30,
(Afternoon) 2.30. Market Square.

CHURCH OF THE CONGREGATIONISTS.—Rev. D.
Gosselin. Service commences (Morning)
6.30 o'clock and 9.30. (Afternoon 2 o'clock
and 4. Corner St. Joseph and Caron streets,
St. Roch.

CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD—Rev. A. A.
Blais. Service commences (Morning) 6.30.
(Evening) 5. Lachevrotière street.

CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME DES VICTOIRES—Rev.
Mr. Bélanger. Service commences (Morning)
6.30, Notre Dame street.

CHURCH OF SISTERS OF CHARITY—Rev. Mr.
Bonneau. Service commences (Morning) 6,
(Afternoon) 4. Corner Richelieu and Glacis
streets:

CONGREGATIONAL—Rev. M. Saché, Superior.
Service commences (Morning) 6.30, (After-
noon) 5. Corner d'Auteuil and Dauphin
streets, U T.

GENERAL HOSPITAL—Rev. L. Hamelin. Service
commences (Morning) 5. (Afternoon) 2.

HOTEL DIEU—Rev. M. Beaulieu. Service com-
mences (Morning) 6, (Afternoon) 2.

NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE—Rev. P. Lessard,
Pastor, Diamond Harbor.

NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES—Rev. Z. Durocher,
St. Sauveur.

ST. PATRICK'S—Rev. M. S. Burke, C. SS. R.
Service commences (Morning) 10, (Evening)
7.30. McMahon street, U. T.

ST. ROCH—Rev. D. Gosselin. Service commences
(Morning) 9.30, (Afternoon) 2, St. Joseph
street.

ST. SAUVEUR—Rev. F. Grenier. Service com-
mences (Morning) 9.30, (Afternoon) 2. Bois-
seauville.

URSULINES—Rev. G. Lemoine. Service com-
mences (Morning) 6.15, (Afternoon) 2.

JEWISH SYNAGOGUE—W. Scholom Schmidt,
Masonic Hall, 51 Garden street.

The Roman Catholic churches and convents are
open daily.

Government of the Province of Quebec.

DEPARTMENT BUILDINGS.

Lieutenant Governor's office—Departemental Build-
ings, South Wing, 1st stairs, Grande Allée.

Agriculture and Public Works—Siméon Lesage,
assistant commissioner, 1st flat South Wing,
64 Grande Allée

Auditor's office—Gaspard Drolet, provincial audi-
tor, 1st flat North and West Wings, 141 St.
Augustin and St. Julia Streets.

Cadastral office—G. A. Varin, secretary, 3rd flat
West Wing, 141 St Augustin.

Crown lands—Eugène E. Taché, assistant commissioner. 2nd and 3rd flats West Wing, 141 St. Augustin.

Executive council—Gustave Grenier, deputy clerk. 2nd flat South Wing, 64 Grande Allée.

Government Railway office—Edward Moreau, secretary. 1st flat West Wing, 141 St. Augustin.

Government school of Navigation—William C. Seaton, professor. 3rd flat South Wing, 64 Grande Allée.

Law officers of the crown—Joseph A. Defoy, assistant, 2nd flat West Wing, 141 St. Augustin.

Legislative Assembly—Louis Delorme, clerk of the house.

Legislative council—George B. DeBoucherville, clerk.

Library of Parliament—Pamphile Lemay, librarian
Marine and fisheries—John U. Gregory, agent, 101-103 Champlain street.

Provincial registrar—Jean Langelier, deputy. 3rd flat South Wing, 64 Grande Allée.

Provincial secretary—Philippe J. Jolicœur, assistant secretary. 2nd flat West Wing, 141 St. Augustin.

Public instruction—Honorable Gédéon Ouimet, superintendent. 2nd and 3rd flats, North Wing, St. Julia.

Queen's printer's office—Charles F. Langlois, Queen's printer. 1st flat North Wing, St. Julia.

Treasurer—Henry T. Machin, assistant provincial treasurer. 1st flat North & West Wings 141 St. Augustin and Julia.

Custom House—Hon. Dr. J. G. Blanchet, collector, Custom House Wharf.

Weights & Measures, L. A. Côté, inspector, St Anne street.

Supervisor of Culler's Office, James Patton, supervisor, Sault-au-Matelot street.

Quebec Exchange, Arthur street.

Quebec Harbour Commissioners, F. Gourdeau, Harbor Master.

Government Immigration Office, L. Stafford, Champlain street.

Banks.

Bank of British North America (Branch), 124 Peter street.

Bank of Montreal (Branch), corner of Peter and Arthur streets.

Banque Nationale, 77 Peter street.

Quebec Bank, 110 Peter street.

Union Bank of Lower Canada, 54 Peter street.

Quebec Notre Dame Savings Bank, Head Office, 23 John street (within), Branch Office, 97 St. Joseph street, St Roch, Branch Office, Levis.

Union Bank, (Savings Branch), 9 St Louis street,

Merchants' Bank (Branch, 79 Peter street.

Caisse d'Economie, 21 St. John street.

The Courts.

Court of Queen's Bench, St. Louis street.
Superior Court, " "
Circuit Court, " "
Vice Admiralty Court, " "
Police Court, " "
Recorder's Court.

Consulates,

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—J. A. Maguire, 118
Peter street.
BELGIUM.—C. Jannsen, consul general, St. Foy
road.
BRAZIL.—John Laird, 113 Peter street.
CHILI.—John Laird, 113, Peter street.
DENMARK.—, consular agent,
Peter street.
FRANCE.—Monsieur le Comte Hervé de Ses
Maisons, 54 St. Louis.
GERMAN EMPIRE.—Chs. Pilt, 63-65 Dalhousie.
MONTEVIDEO.—C. J. Champion, 66 Peter street.
NETHERLANDS.—C. J. Johnsen, 12 Des Prairies
street.
NORWAY AND SWEDEN.—Wm. A. Schwartz,
Dean's building, 2-4 St. James street.
PORTUGAL.—F. Carbray, Commercial Chambers,
114 Peter street.

SPAIN.—Son Excellence Monsieur le Comte de Premio-Real, consul general for the Confederation of Canada, and British and French possessions in North America. Monsieur le Commandeur Don Silverio Suarez, Vice-Consul, Don Ricardo de la Cueva, Chancellor office, 87 St. Louis street.

ITALY.—, consular agent, 139 Peter street.

UNITED STATES.—Hon. J. N. Wasson, 59 D'Auteuil.

Table of distances from Quebec.

	MILLES.
Ancienne Lorette, from French Church.	8
Plains of Abraham.....	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Spencer Wood.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mount Hermon Cemetry.....	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
Col. Rhodes' Farm.....	3 $\frac{3}{4}$
Cap Rouge, by St. Foy Road.....	8 $\frac{1}{4}$
“ “.....	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
St. Foy Church.....	5 $\frac{1}{4}$
Drive round by St. Louis and St. Foy Roads.....	16 $\frac{1}{4}$
Lake Calvaire.....	10 $\frac{1}{4}$
Lorette and Falls.....	10 $\frac{1}{4}$
Lake St. Charles.....	15 $\frac{1}{4}$
Lake Beauport.....	15 $\frac{1}{4}$
Chateau Bigot, or the Hermitage.....	8

	MILES.
Montmorency Falls an Natural Steps...	8½—9½
L'Ange Gardien.....	11
Chateau Richer.....	16
St. Anne, by boat.....	20
" road.....	25
Falls of St. Anne.....	28
Island of Orleans.....	4
The Forts of Levis, No. 1, from G. T. R. Station, Levis.....	¾
The Forts of Levis, No. 3, from No. 1, about.....	2
Chaudière Falls, by rail from G. T. R...	8
Pont Rouge, Jacques Cartier River, by rail.....	25
Shawenegan Falls, Three Rivers' road...	78
Three Rivers, by boat or rail.....	78½
St. Leon Springs.....	102
Montreal, by boat.....	159
Les Eboulements.....	73
Murray Bay.....	85
Tadousac, boat.....	133
Rivière Ouelle, boat.....	75
Kamouraska, boat.....	88
Rivière du Loup, boat.....	110
Cacouna, boat.....	116
Metis, boat.....	208
Father Point.....	185
G. T. R. Ferry.....	1
Levis Ferry.....	¾
Rivière du Loup, by rail.....	119
4	

TARIFF FOR CARTER.

Tariff for Hackney Carriages. — One Horse Vehicles.

Caleches.

From any place to any other place within the City limits:—1 person, 25 cts. ; 2 persons, 40 cts. If to return, add 50 per cent, to the above rates. When the drive exceeds the hour, hour rates to be charged.

By the hour, for the first hour: 1 person, 50 cts. ; 2 persons, 60 cts. ; for each additional hour: 1 person, 40 cts. ; 2 persons, 50 cts.

Wagons.

From any place to any other place within the City limits:—1 or 2 persons, 50 cts. ; 3 or 4 persons, 75 cts. If to return, add 50 per cent, to the above rates. When the drive exceeds the hour, hour rates to be charged.

By the hour, for the first hour:—1 or 2 persons, 75 cts. ; 3 or 4 persons, \$1 ; for each additional hour: 1 or 2 persons, 50 cts. ; 3 or 4 persons, 75 cts.

Two-Horse Vehicles

From any place to any other place within the City limits :—1 or 2 persons, \$1 ; 3 or 4 persons, \$1.50. If to return, add 60 per cent, to the above rates. If the drive exceeds the hour, hour rates to be charged.

By the hour, for the first hour :—1 or 2 persons \$1 ; 3 or 4 persons, \$1.50 ; each additionnal hour : 1 or 2 persons, 75 cts. ; 3 or 4 persons, \$1. Provided always that the rate per diem of 24 hours will not exceed \$10 ; \$5 for caleche, \$7.50 for wagon, or \$10 for a two-horse vehicle.

Fractions of hours to be charged at pro rata hour rates, but not less than one quarter of an hour shall be charged when the time exceeds the hour.

The tariff by the hour shall be applied to all drives extending beyond the City limits when the engogement is commenced and concluded within the city.

Baggage.

For each trunk or box carried in any vehicle, 5 cts ; but no charge shall be made for traveling bags or valises, which passengers can carry by city.

WINTER SCENES

AN ICE BRIDGE.

It was in January, 1877, when, with a large crowd of people, I stood upon the Durham Terrace of the city of Quebec, and looked down upon the river St. Lawrence. The thermometer had that morning marked forty degrees below zero, and all around there was nothing but dazzling snow, covering city, plain, and mountain alike, while from the basin of the great river rose a mist which wholly concealed its bleak waters from view. What could induce human beings in such an extreme atmosphere to pace up and down the exposed promenade, which in summer commands a view unrivalled in the whole world? The formation of the ice-bridge was momentarily expected; the ferry steamers, whose traffic would be put a stop to by the ice-bridge, had been prevented from leaving their wharfs, under penalty of heavy fines and being fired into, by order of the authorities, were they to attempt to break it. Facing the bitter cold, all looked down upon the hidden stream, vigorously they walked the snow clad terrace, when suddenly a cry

was heard, " It is taken ; " instantly all rushed to the railing and anxiously peered down upon the waters ; slowly the mist arose and in its place appeared a smooth surface of hard blue ice, extending far down the river to Indian Point and up as far as the eye could reach. Under the cloud of mist nature had done the work, and in a few minutes had improvised a bridge out of the power of man to construct, a glorious crystal bridge, as wonderful as it was beautiful. The opposite shore, which up to within a few minutes was almost unattainable, had been, as it were, in a moment of time, brought into communication. Minute by minute the bridge was strengthening, the intensity of the cold thickened the ice, and in half an hour afterwards, a boy in a sleigh, drawn by a dog, ventured on its surface. As they progressed towards the opposite shore, a sound as of distant thunder rose from the river, for the ice was as a sounding board ; and even when the sleigh became but a speck, the rumbling sound continued, reverberating between the opposite highlands ; then followed, as it seemed to me foolhardy skaters, who, venturing on the brittle surface, sped on in sweeping circles, hither and thither ; then hundreds followed, and then the bridge presented the view of countless men luxuriating in the enjoyment of skating on virgin ice. It was barely more than an inch in thickness, and it appeared mad temerity to trust such fragility,

but still the crowd increased and its delirium grew wilder. Every moment, I knew added to the general safety, but each one had to keep separate from all others, and it was noticed, that when three or four approached the same locality, the india-rubber-like surface sank as if it were ready to engulf the reckless individuals. On the wharfs and quays along the river side, were collected hundreds of on-lookers and I descended after my bird's eye view to have a closer inspection. Over the edge of a wharf was suspended a ladder, from the foot of which were planks laid on the ice, and by them the skaters gained access to the bridge; a continuous row of people ventured down shod with skates, and were soon eddying over the glassy surface. I watched one after another to see if there were any feeling of bravado in their actions, but there was none, except the simple one of anxiety to join the river revel. Suddenly there was a tremor in the shining mass, and on shore and on bridge a paralysis seemed to strike all; the ice was moving. Instantly the skaters rushed towards the shore, rapidly they crossed the planks and scaled the ladders; many were immersed in the death-cold waters, but all save one escaped a watery grave; he was carried home to a disconsolate widow and helpless orphans. The bridge was broken up and a human being was ushered into eternity. The morning sun rose next day clear and bright and shed its rays upon a night-

formed bridge as clear and smooth as any mirror ; the first had descended with the falling tide but the works of nature are rapidly carried out, and in its place another spanned the broad St. Lawrence. Even now upon its bosom the venturesome skaters, careless of yesterday's grief, rushed wildly over the surface, and ice-boats in scores swept across it with the rapidity of race horses, their white sails reflecting back the sun's rays as the wings of sea gulls. It was a gala festival and men and women revelled in the rare enjoyment. From the city's height it was a panorama, a kaleidoscopic view of changing forms of boats, of men, of vehicles. A bond of harmony and conviviality had been made between the old city of Quebec, Point Levis, the Island of Orleans, Beauport, and other villages, and representatives from each place met in unison on the river plain, from which, midst the sound of ever tinkling sleigh bells, rose the strains of music and the shouts and laughter of men and women. It was a mirage, for the ice bridge was as a glass and everything on its surface had its reflection, and the steep cliffs of Levis threw their shadows on the ice as on a peaceful lake. We, that is, myself and two friends, were standing on the Durham Terrace, looking down upon this unique and exciting picture, and were carried away with enthusiasm and a desire to join the glorious carnival. Quickly we provided ourselves with skates and descended to the

Lower town, and soon found ourselves upon the smooth ice. Near by was an ice boat, waiting to be chartered for a voyage to any part of the surrounding shores ; so we closed a bargain with the master and stepped into the cozy cabin, whose roof was the cloudless sky. Voluminous buffalo robes were wrapped around us and we felt as comfortable as though we sat before a parlor fire. Our faces alone could tell how cold was the westerly breeze, which soon carried our vessel, with the flight of a bird, over the shining surface. Meeting small boats was as a flash of lightning, and skaters and horses were distanced by us in every passing moment. Rapidly we rushed up the river ; on one side of us were the frowning battlements and citadel of Quebec, while, on the other, were the higher heights of Levis ; anon we were beneath the plains of Abraham ; fleeting past the now desolate timber coves, which in summer are crowded with vessels, and which now showed, at the foot of the cliff, the long line of the white-washed dwellings of the hard-working lumbermen. On the one side were the churches of St. Colomba de Sillery, and St. Augustin, and on the other of St Nicholas, and then the Falls of Chaudière. We had swept upwards for over ten miles, when with a slight twist of the tiller, our boat wheeled round with marvellous velocity, and we were on the home stretch. Again we passed villages, churches and coves, and now and then a winter

frozen in vessel ; then Quebec & Levis rose above our heads, and our bow pointed to where the Montmorency Falls throw their vapory column high into the rarified atmosphere ; already the cone had begun to form and we could even see dark objects ascending and descending its slippery sides. Onward we swept past the villages of Beauport, L'Ange Gardien, and Chateau Richer, when again we turned and doubling Le Bout de L'Isle d'Orléans, we stretched over towards the village of St. Joseph de Lévis and skirted along the south shore of the St. Lawrence till we struck across to our starting point, after a wild ride of forty miles, accomplished with the speed of an express train. Our limbs were a little stiff, and we put on our skates to revive the circulation of the blood. No sooner had the steel touched the clear brittle ice than we felt the freedom of a liberated eagle and we swiftly glided over the silvery surface, seeming hardly to touch the ice, but rather to be carried through the air. Hundreds of skaters were madly rushing hither and thither, ice-boats with their white sails were sweeping upwards and downwards, and horses, as if in delirium were galloping in every direction. I remained with my lady friend, while her husband sped onwards ; we followed him at a distance, for we were unable to keep up with his rapid movements. The bride of a few months glided joyfully by my side, and I could see her

proudly watching the movements of her husband, as he skilfully gyrated and executed difficult figures on the keen ice—her loving eyes did not lose sight of him for a moment, and in human sympathy I rejoiced in her seemingly unalloyed happiness, and the glad expression in her brown eyes showed me that love and life were to her synonymous. As I watched her I was startled by her sudden look of intense horror. I looked in the direction and saw nothing but the crowd of skaters. In a moment however, there was a rush among them to a central spot and loud cries, but my attention was taken away from them by a piercing shriek from the woman by my side. I had just time to prevent her from falling and was holding her in my arms, when I chanced to look at the ice beneath us, and there, under its cruel surface, in the cold, cold water, swept down by the rushing tide, was the struggling form of her husband, vainly clutching and grasping to break through the icy fetters. As he passed beneath us, he gave one despairing look upwards and was then swept away forever from our sight. Fortunately his young bride had fainted and was mercifully spared that despairing anguished look, which shall never be forgotten by me through life's longest day. I conveyed to her home the young widowed bride, who that day had been so happy, so loving, so loved, who that night lay on her couch, and for many a

succeeding day and night, the helpless prey of brain fever, and from which couch she rose bereft of reason, to become the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

A WINTER'S NIGHT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Clear shines the cold moon on the snow-covered earth,
And night can not rest for the voices of mirth
That play with the echoes in hollow and hill,
Now rising, now dying away at their will ;
While out from the depths of the wondrous blue sky
The stars in their glory are twinkling on high.

One broad sheet all frozen the waters display,
Are mingling upon it the glad and the gay—
The children of fashion—the young and the fair,
For the ladies (aye loving the moonshine) are there,
Not sylphs of a light and an elegant form,
But, rob'd for the winter and clad for the storm.

Some adroitly are skimming the surface of glass,
(Each striving the skill of a friend to surpass)
But never an idler, with nothing to do
Is standing, all lonely, the pastime to view.

Oh ! fitfully flickers the torches' red glow !
And strange are the figures men cut on the snow !
Fantastic—in shoes that a giant might don—
But they deem it enjoyment to shuffle along.

And charmed are the notes that the sleigh-bells send forth,
Like chimes from the fairy-land far to the north,
While the voyagers up to their faces in fur—
Are quizzing the skaters, when downfalls occur.

And onward they rush—with the speed of the deer,
Despising the roads of the great engineer ;
And even the steeds, as they snuff the keen air,
Seem conscious that light is the burden they bear.

The sails of the ice-boat are fill'd with the breeze,
And the world is alive and too busy to freeze !
Pray, pity the English, who never may know
The sports that come in with the ice and the snow !
Hurrah ! for our winters, away in the West ! ●
The clearest, the coldest, the gladdest, the best.

If ever you tread on Young Canada's shore,
We'll convince you of pleasures ne'er dreamt of before,
Nor confess that a tear sometimes starts to the eye,
At the mem'ry of Christmas in England gone by.

H. M. W.

Crossing the St. Lawrence in winter.

We in Canada generally prepare ourselves to meet the extremities of temperature, for the forties below zero in winter and the nineties above in summer. Those, who clothe themselves at one time of the year in warm furs, adopt the light and airy serge at another. But these furs

of to-day are not such as weighted down our predecessors of thirty years ago ; the ponderous cap has given way to the lightest possible substitute, and the oppressive coat, which prohibited all walking, is replaced by one whose weight is a bagatelle. But, although we must endure in this Canada of ours the extremes of cold and heat, we still have consistency. A glance at the sky and the direction of the wind, and one can tell pretty closely what kind of weather is to prevail during the next two or three days. We are not, as in England, misled by a beautiful sunshiny morning into the belief that slip coats and umbrellas are unnecessary, and find out in two or three hours afterwards that a steady downpour has set in for the afternoon. Nor do we issue from our houses laden with waterproofs to face the rain storm, and melt in the afternoon under a sultry heat.

Our weather does not snare us into any such delusions ; when it rains, it rains ; when it is fine it is fine. And these forties below zero are they not often enjoyable ; can we not wrap up and exclude the cold infinitely better than the Englishman can, even when his thermometer stands only at zero ? The bitter east wind and chilling, searching blasts of the fog-surrounded island cannot be kept from freezing his very marrow, by any amount of clothing ; the dampness of the atmosphere enters his very soul. And our nineties are not oppressive ; they do not prove

as enervating as seventy in the mother country ; there is not the killing and choking sultriness in our heats as oppress the " Stay at home Briton." But there are times and circumstances when the most inured to cold must feel its intensity, and such now and then occur when crossing the St. Lawrence River between Quebec and Levis during the coldest of months, January and February. Some years ago the only possible means of transit was by canoe ; but the advance of science has had the effect on lethargic Quebec to induce the running of steamers in winter, so that now one can sit in a comfortably heated cabin and cross without the slightest inconvenience. But steamers, like many other articles, are subject to breakage wear and tear ; and so it occurred one day last February, when my presense was imperatively demanded at Levis, that I had to cross in a canoe. Looking down from Durham Terrace on the ice-blockaded river, from whose surface rises, as it were, the steam from a caldron, one shudders at the thought of passing through a reality of one of the horrors of Dante's Inferno. One can imagine struggling with the crashing ice and sinking anon into the freezing flood. One can, here and there, distinguish in distinct forms fighting for life and escape amid the battling floes ; and from out, as might be supposed, the sulphur fumes, sounds as of agony reaching one as he gazes down in wonderment

and fear. But through that mundane Inferno I had to pass ; business must be attended to, and to Levis I had to go, " though Hades yawn between." Well clothed in furs and my feet in Indian moccasins, I drove down at ten o'clock in the morning to the wharf. Before me on the *batterie* was the canoe—a vessel known in many places as a " dug out ; " it was about thirty feet long and five feet broad, pointed at both ends, at one of which there was a small Union Jack displayed ; seats were placed amidships, while in the stern was a luxurious display of buffalo robes, in which the *cabin* passengers were supposed to recline and wrap themselves, of whom there were two besides myself—a newly married pair on a wedding tour to Europe. Poor bride ! it was an ominously cold entry on a new life. There were six *steerage* passengers, (those who crossed at a cheap rate, and were obliged to assist in working the canoe), and these with the crew, numbering six, occupied the seats. Some freight and some luggage, belonging to my fellow *cabin* passengers, were also on board. It was a bitterly cold day, thirty-eight below zero ; and as I looked upon the cruel river I could see but the mist rising from its surface, while within a short distance huge masses of ice rushed down with the resistless tide. It seemed a rash undertaking, a tempting of Providence, a downright madness, to face such danger, to cross that river ; so I asked one of the men how long it would

take to reach the other side ; he replied about twenty minutes. This man seemed to take things with the utmost *nonchalance* ; he was sitting on the side of the canoe with one foot in the icy water. I thought he was acting so through bravado, and asked him if he was not afraid of wetting his foot and having it frozen. I merely showed my ignorance by the question, as he told me that his foot was frozen, but that he was thawing it by keeping it in the water, which was not frozen.

We, the *cabin* passengers, stepped into the canoe and wrapped up ourselves as comfortably as possible, waiting for our departure. I could not see much of my companions. A woolen cloud completely hid the lady's face from view ; but by the way she clung to her husband, she was both terrified and cold. At ten o'clock we weighed anchor, that is, the canoe was shoved from the *batture* into the river. No sooner was it so, than the men began paddling up the river against the tide ; but it was so strong that our headway was hardly perceptible. Extra paddles were then handed to the *steerage* passengers to assist, and our progress was a little better. For a long distance we continued to skirt the city wharfs, for no opening seemed to offer in the compact and rugged masses of ice which rushed down with the stream. At times a large block would almost graze our canoe, and the higher parts of it overhung us as we passed. Now and

then there would happen, as it were, a conflict between the larger masses, when the smaller would be immediately crushed and overturned, causing in the water a sort of miniature maelstrom, which threatened to engulf our canoe. Higher up the river we went, till the men thought they could cross without danger of being carried down by the tide, past the landing place on the other side. A sort of channel was found, and through that we went, having on each side a threatening wall of crashing ice. Suddenly an open space appeared, and a sail was immediately set and we skimmed quietly over the lake-like surface without the aid of paddles. In a few minutes we were among the ice floes again, paddling through a channel; but this gradually closed, till the danger of the canoe being crushed like an egg-shell, compelled the crew and the working passengers to leap out and haul the lightened vessel over the ice; this was not unaccompanied by danger, for every now and then some of them slipped into the water between the pieces of ice and wet themselves to the waist in the horribly cold river.

Then followed a respite, for another small sheet of clear water brought the sail again into requisition. Another immense mass of ice was before us with a welcome channel, and into that we glided; but not for a great distance, for in a short time we became ice-locked; the channel

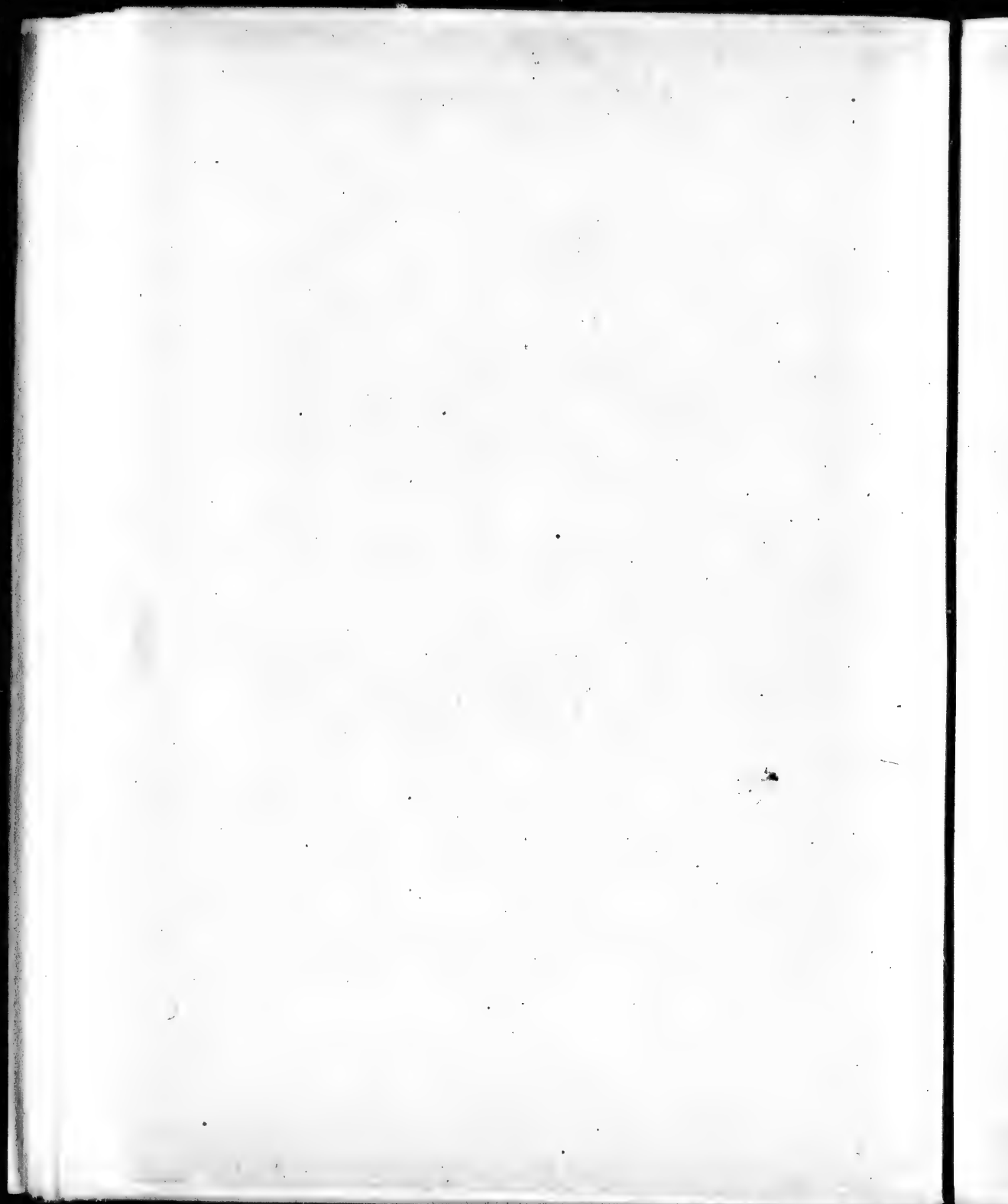
behind us had become closed, and we drifted helplessly down with the floating masses. It was impossible to drag the canoe from its dangerous position, as on each side the ice was more than ten feet high, piled up like jagged rocks. The crew for a time seemed paralyzed; but one of them, more active than the rest, climbed up on one of the ice mountains to discover a means of escape; he soon returned with the disheartening news that he saw none. Swiftly we were carried down the stream, dreading each moment to be crushed to atoms. Two hours passed and our position was unaltered. At last a movement of the ice filled us with horror; the channel was gradually closing. All had to leave the canoe and gain the icy barriers. The man said that the ice had become jammed in front, and that the canoe would be broken to pieces if it could not be lifted from its position; but while he was speaking the disaster occurred, and we saw canoe, luggage and freight reduced to atoms by the irresistible ice floes.

Far away in the distance we saw the shining roofs and church steeples of Quebec; to the north was the Island of Orleans, between which and ourselves was a narrow strip of the blue waters of the St. Lawrence. Within half a mile to the south was the Beaumont shore, seven miles below Levis; but between us and that shore, was a disheartening prospect. Rocks and mountains of dangerous ice appeared in every

direction, and over it was no road, but what we ourselves must make. The poor bride was terrified and sick with fear, and her husband almost wild with distraction; but the danger had to be faced, for to remain where we were was certain death. The captain of the canoe took the lead, and our weary, perilous march commenced. Half a mile—not a long walk through country fields—not a long stroll on a level sidewalk—not a long promenade in a fashionable resort—not very distressing in the heat of summer—quite exhilarating on a winter's day; but when that half mile is over slippery piles of ice, across dangerous crevices, down which may be seen rushing the cruel, cold river, ready to engulf you; over treacherous and dangerous new-formed ice; when a false step plunges you into a watery tomb; when every few feet a heavy fall renders you almost senseless, and tears the skin off your hands and legs, notwithstanding the protection of your clothes! when your limbs become almost powerless with the penetrating cold; when the eyes become dim with the rays of the dazzling sun and the glare of the bright snow; when a hopelessness and despair take possession of you, and your senses become paralyzed, and a heedlessness and recklessness of life add to your miseries,—then a half mile seems an interminable distance. Poor bride! even amid my own suffering I could not help pitying and being wretched for

you ; assisting you when I found that your husband's wild devotion could not add sufficient strength to aid you. Never, perhaps, shall I see you again, but never can I forget your terror and agony on that half mile walk—a terror and agony which could be exceeded only by your love and anxiety for the safety of your husband. Poor bride ! when at last we arrived on shore and found shelter in a friendly house, what a deadly faint she fell into ! And then for the first time I saw how young and beautiful she was, although then pale and death-like. On first recovering consciousness, her first enquiry was, " Charles, where are you—are you safe ? " but Charles was not far away ; his head was bending over her, and her hand clasped in his, and they were happy in each other's safety, in each other's love ; happy I hope they may be for many, many years. We were rather a sorrowful party as we started in carioles from Beaumont for Point Levis, for we had all been losers by that wretched, miserable trip. Charles and his wife had lost their luggage ; but nothing could induce her to recross the river to purchase new clothing—" that, " she said, " could be had in Montreal ; " so they drove direct to the Victoria Hotel, to wait for the evening train. The crew had lost their canoe and consequently their occupation for the winter was gone, and their faces told a long tale of apprehension and disappointment. The steerage passengers

had each, no doubt, some minor troubles, which to them appeared irreparable ; one I heard mournfully deploring the loss of his tobacco box, while another was equally inconsolable over the disappearance of his muffler. As for myself, my losses were highly problematical. I had an engagement with an honorable member of the House of Commons, who had promised me a Government berth, and had made an appointment with me to meet him at the Grand Trunk station at eleven o'clock that morning. As it was then four, and the train had started at twelve, it is hardly necessary to add that I did not meet the very honorable member. Whether the consequences to myself would have proved otherwise than they have done had I met him is indeed problematical ; for influential and highly honorable members are very apt to forget in Ottawa what they promise in Quebec. In conclusion, I may say I did not return to the city by canoe, but waited till the next day for the steamer, which had, in the meantime, fortunately been made seaworthy. Had she not been so, I should probably still have been at Levis.



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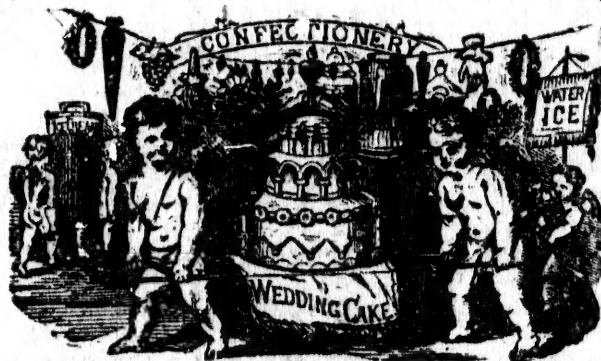
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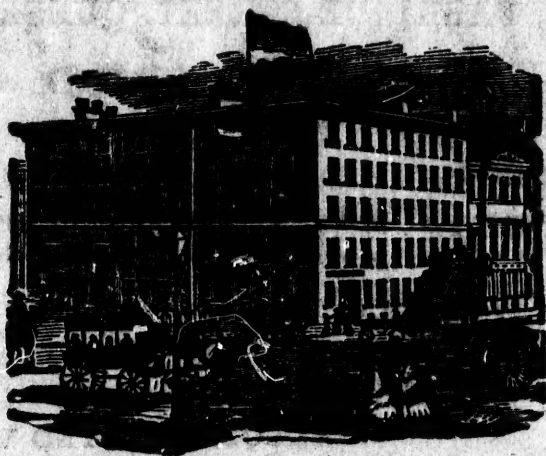
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